









# THE YOUNG MAN

## A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

### MY FIRST SERMON.

V.—By DR. CHARLES A. BERRY.

My *very* first sermon was preached more than thirty-five years ago, before I had made the epoch-marking transition from frocks to trousers. A clean pinafore made an admirable surplice, and an orderly row of chairs and stools—some of them occupied by my sister's dolls—constituted a congregation worthy of a City Church, and not too exciting for a young preacher's nerves. My mother and sister, together with a few friends, were present. I forget all about the sermon, except that it was upon the sleeping Christ in the storm-tossed ship, and that it was followed by a collection for the *John Williams*. But two things made that scene an evening ever memorable. First, though I had merely taken a fancy, like many other children, to "play at being a minister," I became really serious and earnest—at least for a child of my age and temperament—before I had got far with my game. And the second circumstance was an outbreak of emotion on the part of my mother, who clasped me to her breast and told me she had prayed before I was born that God would give her a son to be a minister, and that she felt her prayer was answered. I cannot say that, except for the moment, I was greatly impressed with the announcement. I am quite certain that up to my sixteenth birthday I never seriously recalled the circumstance. Indeed, my boyhood was much too vigorous and intense to suggest remembrances or prophesies of so exalted a vocation. My heart was on the sea. My brain was busy with all sorts of daring schemes. My hands were full of mischief. Had any one told me in those days I was destined for the pulpit, the information

would have afforded me, not less than my schoolmates, considerable amusement. But my mother's belief never faltered. When in due course, and after I had been in Church membership a year, I told her I felt I must give my life to preaching, she simply said she knew it would be so, and that I need not be nervous about my college application, for she was certain I should be accepted.

It came about just as my mother said, and in spite of several unpromising circumstances. There was a rule at Airedale that every applicant for a studentship should have a more or less ample and indicative record as a lay preacher in connection with his own Church. It was also essential that he should prepare a special sermon to read before the committee. I neither possessed the one nor did the other. I was a mere child, not yet arrived at my seventeenth birthday. Beyond taking a class in Sunday School, reading papers at the Young Men's Society, delivering a few speeches on Temperance, and entering into the discussions at a Pastor's Class, I had done nothing to indicate my interests and aptitudes. Not a single sermon had I preached, not one public service had I even partially conducted, when I made my application to Airedale College. Yet I felt myself called of God to this high task of preaching, and called of Him to make myself fit for the privilege. The College Committee was greatly exercised about me. "Only a boy," said one man, as I was afterwards told; "it will do him no harm to send him back for a while." Another, a stickler for rules and a slave of precedents, remarked that no student had ever been



admitted without a record of preaching and a sermon in evidence of power. But the others were struck with the novelty of the application, and of the grounds on which it was based, and in the end I was admitted sans sermon, sans record, sans everything.

My first sermon was a more than ordinarily trying performance. The youth who makes his first attempt as a modest experiment claims and receives the gracious consideration of his interested hearers. But my first attempt was to be more than an experiment: it was to be a justification, a proof of claim, an evidence of vocation. Moreover, it was de-

Lamb." The sermon was crude enough, I make no doubt; but it had a message in it, and that message I delivered with as little circumlocution as I knew how. It proved to be, in its way and for its purpose, a success. Two weeks after its first delivery in Bradford I preached it at Grassington, a moorland Yorkshire village, which regarded itself, and was regarded by us, as the students' great testing place. To be judged by Grassington was more essential and more determinative, and therefore more trying, than to be examined by a college committee. To Grassington I went with my wee bairn of a sermon. I



DR. BERRY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by BENNETT CLARK, 74, Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.]

livered in a mission chapel not far from the college—where I closely scanned every face to see if one of the professors or some of my fellow-students had come in to make my burden greater. One of my fellow-students was there, but not as critic, rather as friend, sympathiser, and support. He is now my honoured colleague in the management of my large and growing diocese. Mr. Drummond tells me he well remembers the sermon and every circumstance connected with its delivery. The text was rather a bold attempt for a beginner: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the

never got into bed on the Saturday night. I paced my room in a fever of nervous excitement. I saw in vision the row of village fathers, whose capacious heads had been vividly sketched for me by a fellow-student; and I trembled in view of the morrow. "How great was my joy on the Sunday night when I found that Grassington had been graciously pleased to accord me its certificate of merit, "Yon's a lad wi' a bit o' grit"—a certificate duly ratified in solemn assembly half way across a meadow, with dear old Samuel Rogers as chairman, and the impressively-philosophic Binx Lee as judicial summer-up. Peace be ever upon those large-brained and kindly



hearted men of the Yorkshire moor, who did so much to encourage the young men of my time, and whose shrewd counsels and practical wisdom did more for me than many a pretentious lecture in college class-room!

However crude and thin my first sermon may have been, I can honestly claim for it that it was a sober and earnest effort to win men to Christ. I am surprised and gratified, in looking at the fast-fading manuscript, to find that I attempted nothing in the way of fine writing. The sermon was prepared then as my sermons are prepared now, with more effort to make the message a living one than

when the time came for the students to criticise.

The Rev. J. P. Ritchie, one of the most gifted and refined of my contemporaries at college, and who is now doing brave and fruitful work in South Africa, subsequently wrote a squib upon me and my sermonic abortion, couching it in the silly and grandiloquent style I had attempted, and pasting it on the college notice-board. Never shall I forget the chagrin and sense of disgrace with which I contemplated the wreck of my big effort. I had meant to storm the admiration and to earn the envy of every man in the house; and I



From a Photo by  
BENNETT CLARK,  
Wolverhampton.]

INTERIOR OF DR. BERRY'S CHURCH AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

to make its terms so ornate as to fix attention upon them rather than upon it. Never but once in my life did I deliberately attempt to produce a sermon of gorgeous style. It was my second sermon, and was to be read in the college sermon-class. I chose for my text: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" and I set myself to make a lasting mark by the brilliance and wealth of its style. The sentences in that sermon make me shudder when I turn up the manuscript to-day. It *did* make a lasting mark, but happily of a more disciplinary and corrective kind than I desired at the time. Vials of ridicule, contempt, pity, were poured upon the sermon and its author

lay in my study with my ambition shattered and my status imperilled. I cried through some sleepless nights over my failure, and even cherished flitting thoughts of resignation. But sounder sense followed the first week of my wounded pride. I took the lesson of my brethren to heart, and have now to thank them for a saving dispensation of castigation. From that day to this I have never tried to write a fine sentence. My effort is to discover what message I am to speak, to think it out with care and clearness, and then to write or speak as nearly as possible in the language of my thoughts. In this matter I have practised, long before John Morley gave advice on the subject,



a quiet and natural expression. It is at any rate my best instrument for effective work. Other men possess other aptitudes. I would not dare to set myself up as a model, or to claim for my way of doing my work that it is best for all men. All I have to say is that if I am to do any work for Christ, I feel I can only do it by making my speech as clear, as simple, as musical, as a natural use of language admits. A friend of mine once told me he intended to write an essay on "The Sermon as a Fine Art." I do not doubt many men could be most effective when most artistic. But I could not. I have a message to deliver, an urgent call to make, a many-sided and all-interpreting Gospel to expound,—and I can be truest to it and to myself when most free from art, when most spontaneous and natural. Some of my generous friends have credited me with a power of clear exposition and practical appeal. If I possess this power in any degree, it is owing to a rigid self-restraint and a diligent discipline in the remorseless excision of mere fine speech.

I recall, as I write these reminiscences, a circumstance which often deeply impresses me with a sense of God's unconscious preparation of me for my life-work. I am told that in speaking I manage to send every syllable of a word to the farthest corner of a building, and even moderately deaf people have thanked me for reaching them with my message. But when I was a lad I suffered from a slight impediment in my speech—nothing very marked, but quite enough to affect clearness in utterance. I was so troubled at my slight affliction that for hours at a time, and for weeks in succession, I used to pace the wide sea-shore and to shout to the waves with a cork placed between the teeth. In time I became perfect master of the muscles of the throat and of the vocal chord, and have ever since worked these muscles energetically when speaking, with the result that I can speak easily in most buildings and be heard by most people. Am I not right in believing that the God who answered my mother's prayer was girding and fitting me for my work, even though I did not recognise Him?

## OUR HOLIDAY CONFERENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

WE are receiving a very large number of applications for places in our parties for Switzerland, and we strongly advise those who intend to join in our Summer Gathering to book as soon as possible. The illustrated programme is now ready, and copies can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.

The inaugural address will be delivered by Sir B. W. Richardson on "How to Make the Most of Life." There will be two lectures by Sir Robert Ball; Mrs. Fenwick Miller will read a paper on "America and the Americans"; and there will be sermons and addresses by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. C. A. Berry, Rev. Dr. Lunn, Rev. W. J. Dawson, etc. The programme also includes an illustrated lecture on "Interviewing and Interviewers," by Mr. Harry How, the interviewer of the *Strand Magazine*; "A Talk about Books," by Mr. Edmund Gosse; three lectures by Mr. Edward Whymper, author of *Scrambles amongst*

the Alps; a paper by Miss Friederichs on "My Experiences as a Lady Journalist"; besides concerts twice a week, in which the Misses Edith and Dora Tulloch, Miss Helen Saunders, Mr. J. F. Horncastle, and a quartette from St. Paul's Cathedral will take part. Mrs. Mary Davies hopes to sing at some of the concerts.

Miss Annie S. Swan, who joined one of our parties last summer, writes: "I can testify to the excellence and completeness of the arrangements. Everything was done for the ease and comfort of the travellers. One feature of the Gathering was the pleasant social intercourse, which robbed the most solitary of every feeling of loneliness."

Parties will leave London every Tuesday and Friday from June 29 to September 14, and for ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket from London (first-class on boat), seven days' full hotel accommodation at Grindelwald, and three days in Lucerne. Or the last three days may be devoted to other supplementary tours.



MISSSES EDITH AND DORA TULLOCH.



## SIR JOSEPH BARNBY AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH THE PRINCIPAL OF THE LARGEST MUSIC SCHOOL  
IN THE WORLD.

As Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, with its 3,000 odd pupils, and conductor of the Royal Choral Society, with its 1,000 members, Sir Joseph Barnby carries upon his shoulders no small burden of work and responsibility. I am accordingly little surprised, on keeping my appointment with him at 9, St. George's Square, S.W., to find that he is engaged for a few minutes. I learn this from the lips of Miss Muriel Barnby on ascending to the handsome drawing room where the minutes pass like moments listening to her bright talk about music and pictures and such-like matters. Soon Sir Joseph appears to conduct me to his snugery, a small and cosy room at the end of the broad hall, where we settle ourselves down in easy chairs for a good chat.

Sir Joseph Barnby had but recently returned from his holiday, and it was probably the exhilarating air of Switzerland which gave colour to his cheeks, as well as a brisk cheerfulness to his voice.

"You can't imagine how much I have enjoyed my holiday," he exclaims. "I have not had one for two years; for last year, during the time I should have been on a holiday. I was engaged in my candidature for the post of Principal at the Guildhall; and then in the midst of my arrangements for leaving Eton, I had to make the preparations for the new Cardiff Festival, which involved more than a dozen visits to South Wales. As you may suppose, the superintendence of the largest music school in the world makes an extraordinary demand on one's attention, and it was some time before I could accustom myself to the

multiplicity of important details which it involves."

"Then, I believe, you give constant attention to the work of the Royal Choral Society, Sir Joseph?"

"Yes, I never miss the weekly rehearsals. It

is the only way of keeping thoroughly in touch with the choir and maintaining a high standard of efficiency, to be always there every Monday evening, going through with the choir and the orchestra the whole of every work produced. We rehearse in the Albert Hall, as you know,—with an average attendance of over 800 a big building is necessary,—and for two hours or more the rehearsal makes a great demand simply on the physical powers of my voice. After my twenty years' conductorship of this choir, the rehearsals must have spoiled whatever singing qualities my voice might have had. But my conductorship is a constant source of pleasure to me—it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. The members are so enthusiastic, so zealous, and although it is impossible for me to really know half of them, there is a bond of personal affection between the choir and myself. Why, you'll scarcely believe it—but somehow or other at our last rehearsal in the summer, before the vacation, I forgot to say as usual a few words of farewell, wishing them a pleasant holiday and so forth. Well, I've received more than a hundred letters in consequence from both young men and girls belonging to the choir, some of gentle remonstrance, others of sorrowful inquiry as to whether



[From a Photo by WINDOW & GROVE,  
63a, Baker Street, W.]

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I was hurt or offended with them in any way. This incident touched me very much, as showing how kindly and sympathetic were the relations that had grown up between us."

"How do you recruit the choir?"

"Of recent years, at any rate, there has not been very much difficulty in doing that, and the numbers of the choir have always been about the same, the women's voices being slightly in excess of those of the men. At the beginning of every season I test the voices of candidates, and in the course of the year about 400 present themselves, and out of this number I select eighty, perhaps. Some are rejected, not because their voices are not good, but because they lack training, and I naturally prefer similarly good voices which have had some training."

"But I have heard it said, Sir Joseph, that a choir in itself affords the best possible training."

"Well, I don't think that an untrained singer should begin by going into a choir. His first care should be the production of the voice, as to which there is so much ignorance and neglect. If he has learned a proper method of producing his voice, and is acquainted with the elements of music, then, no doubt, he will find that a choir will be of great educational value. Besides the actual instruction he receives in the rendering of the greatest musical works, he has the opportunity of hearing frequently all the very best and most cultured artistes of the day. It is probably these considerations, as well as the love of music for its own sake, which induce so many young people to compete for admission to the Royal Choral Society, although there is no fee or reward attached to the work."

"From what classes are the members principally drawn?"

"A good number are employed in the City, while some come from families of high social position. In a few cases the members come from as far as Richmond, Croydon, Windsor, etc. Some members make, or intend to make, music their profession. Mr. Haydn Coffin, by the way, was once a member."

"With your long and peculiar experience, would you say that the standard of excellence as regards English voices was rising?"

"I should say it was rising, most decidedly; and this is equally true of all classes of voices, I should think,—of contraltos, for instance, as well as sopranos. It is a remarkable thing that few of my best singers are Londoners, the best voices still come from Yorkshire and the North of England and Wales."

"Have you any theory to account for this?"

"No one theory will account for it, I think. There is doubtless a variety of circumstances at work. For one thing, the Yorkshiremen—I am a Yorkshireman myself, and I must say that,

according to my experience, the Yorkshire people have the greatest love for singing—are a broad-chested race, with plenty of lung power."

"You think physical development of importance as regards singing?"

"Not so much physical exercise or muscular power, but the robust figure, the well-developed body. Take our best singers to-day—Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Madame Albani, Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, and so on—they are all men and women of generous physique, and the maturing of their best vocal powers has been accompanied by this tendency to *embonpoint*. Of course, it is only natural that it should be so. On the other hand, when preceptor of Eton College, it was not my experience that the boys most given to athletic exercises, the boys with the best muscles, made the best singers."

This brings Sir Joseph Barnby to speak of his seventeen years' experiences at Eton, of which there is an interesting souvenir in the drawing-room in the shape of a silver bowl, the farewell present of the staff at the College.

"Of course," Sir Joseph remarks, "I left with some regrets; but my work there was not too congenial to me. You see, music is not an obligatory subject; in fact, I may say that it is not even encouraged, only tolerated. It is not merely at the option of a boy whether he learns music or not; but if he does learn, it is in his play-time, and under these circumstances you could scarcely expect him to embrace the study with enthusiasm."

"But how do you like the change from Eton to London as a place of residence?"

"Oh, well enough. Eton is a pleasant place, and being so near London, I flattered myself on going there, that I should be able to keep in constant touch with my London friends. But practical experience soon showed me my error. For all I could see of London society I might just as well have been one hundred miles from town."

"Do you not think that in recent years singers have been given too much to social pleasures?"

"Very possibly. It is quite certain that if a singer is constantly going here and there, to this evening party and that evening party, singing, perchance, at all hours of the night, he cannot keep his voice as fresh and as strong and as vigorous as it should be. But some singers, you know, go to the other extreme, and almost shun society, the consequence being that they become morbidly self-conscious and nervous."

In his own life, I should say, Sir Joseph strikes the happy mean in this matter. While he is fond of society, and society is fond of him, it requires but a short visit to his home to divine that it has the first place in his affections. For one thing, Sir Joseph has been too hard a worker all his life to give society more than its due. From the



time when he became a chorister in the Cathedral of his native city—York—till the present moment he has laboured in the service of music with all, his might, and the knighthood which was conferred upon him in August, 1892, was but a well-deserved tribute to this fact. The leisure left him after teaching, conducting choirs, and organizing performances, has been largely employed in the production of works for the musical services of the church. Yet Sir Joseph bears his years well, and, although his hair is streaked with grey, hardly looks his fifty-five years.

With an instance of conscientious devotion to his work, told me simply in the course of conversation, this article may well close:—

"I have asked the students at the Guildhall School, whenever they are going to sing or play in public, whatever the occasion, to give me an opportunity of hearing the piece they are to perform. I asked them to make this a rule, because I thought, rightly or wrongly, that having had

so many years' experience, and having written music myself, I should be able to help them to give a better interpretation. You know, there are so many different ways of rendering a piece of music or a song. For instance, take a thing I wrote some years ago, which is now fairly well known, called 'When the Tide Comes In.' If I remember rightly, it runs something like this." And Sir Joseph, with some hesitation, lightly sang the first two verses in a bright and cheerful voice. Then changing his tone to one of grief and pain, he gave the concluding verse, in which the unhappy fate of the sailor lover is told.

"Of the great number I've heard sing the song," said the composer, "very few have sung it aright. Most singers make the mistake of not contrasting the gaiety of the first verses with the tragedy of the last. They begin and end in much the same tone. And this is the case with regard to a great number of songs: the singers do not save themselves for the climax."

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

## THE GAINS OF DRUDGERY.

By drudgery, I mean work that in itself is not pleasant, that has no immediate effect in stimulating our best powers, and that only remotely serves the purpose of our general advancement. Such a definition may not be perfect, but it expresses with reasonable accuracy what we usually understand by the term.

Now, if this is what we mean by drudgery, it is clear that we are all drudges. We all have to do many things, day by day, which we would rather not do. Even in the callings that seem to present the most perfect correspondence between gifts and work, such as those of the writer or the artist, drudgery dogs the heels of all progress. Michael Angelo spent weeks in retouching his work, bringing out a muscle here, softening an angle there; and it was to the unobservant critic who had no eyes to see the effect of all this patient industry, that the great artist uttered his famous aphorism that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle. Gerhard Dow rose with the lark every morning, manufactured and prepared his own colours; at thirty had spoiled his sight by the incessant strain he put upon it; and dying at sixty-seven had not painted more than about ninety pictures. But there is no picture of Dow's that is not perfect, and this perfection was purchased by a drudging attention to details, compared with which the life of the coal-heaver or day-labourer was a life of leisure. Carlyle wrote with the utmost difficulty, and never executed a page of his great histories till he had consulted every known authority, so that every sentence is the quintessence of many

books, the product of many hours of drudging research in the great libraries. We show some perception of these facts in our common sayings, that easy writing makes hard reading, and what costs a man little is usually worth little. But few of us have any adequate sense of the immense toil which lies behind the brilliant successes of the great artist or famous writer. And the same thing might be said of the lives of great statesmen, politicians, reformers, merchants, and memorable men in all walks of life. Examine such lives, and the amount of prolonged toil which lies behind all the glitter of public fame is enormous, and to the indolent even appalling. If any man of the Elizabethan period gives the impression of having achieved great things with a certain airy ease and instinctive facility of touch, it is Walter Raleigh. Yet it was of Raleigh that Elizabeth said, "he could toil terribly." The same thing may be said of every great man, so that it is small wonder that we have learned to believe that genius itself is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains.

From time to time we hear arguments in literary circles advocating the endowment of our modern poets, thinkers, and prophets, on the ground that if they were relieved of the drudgery of bread-winning, they would produce far better and more memorable work. The obvious answer is that we already have large classes of persons who are relieved of the drudgery of bread-winning, and that it is precisely the lives of these persons that are least fruitful of public



good. If the argument were sound, we ought to discover our great authors and poets and thinkers among the rich; on the contrary, they come from such places as Craigen-puttock, and other obscure localities, where the mere getting of bread is difficult. There is no denying the fact, that in proportion as life is made easy to a man the development of manhood is retarded, and the less need there is for work the more likely is a man to waste his gifts. The surest way of killing genius is to pension it. Even if we argue the case on its lowest plane, it is abundantly evident that much of the best work ever done by the pen or the brush would never have been done but for the pressure of poverty. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* that he might raise money to bury his mother; Lee invented the spinning-jenny to earn bread for his children; Mrs. Trollope in mid life took to authorship, and produced fifty novels, because she was left a widow with a family to provide for. The only two known forces that drive men to work are famine and ambition, and of these the former is much stronger than the latter. Drudgery may not be pleasant or welcome, but it is in the doing of distasteful work that we learn the self-discipline which fits us for work at all, and establish the habit of work which alone can make any high achievement possible.

When a man grumbles about the drudgery of his lot, then, I am entitled to conclude that he has not learned the discipline of work, and that it is native indolence rather than suppressed genius which chafes against the limitations of his environment. Browning, in his poem of *The Statue and the Bust*, has laid down the doctrine that it is a man's wisdom to contend to the uttermost even for the meanest prize that may be within his reach, because by such strenuous contention manhood grows, and by the lack of it manhood decays.

If you choose to play, is my principle.

Let a man contend to the uttermost

For his life's set prize, be what it will.

And this is sound doctrine. The clerk who does not strive to be the best clerk in the office, the carpenter who is not emulous of being the best carpenter in the workshop, is not likely to achieve excellence in any other pursuit for which he imagines his superior talents better fitted. Waterloo was won upon the playgrounds of Eton, said the Duke of Wellington, because the spirit that made the boys at Eton struggle to be best in a game, and discipline themselves in cool nerve and courage to win a school match, was the same spirit which made them steady on the great day when the game was fought with armies, and the prize was the liberty of Europe. I have little faith in the youth who is always crying out against his condition, and telling an

incredulous world what great things he could do if his lot were different. The boast of general talents for everything usually resolves itself into particular talents for nothing. The incompetent clerk, in nine cases out of ten, would be equally incompetent as writer, artist, or speaker. If I were adjured to help a youth to some sphere supposed to be better suited to his gifts, I should first of all need to be convinced that he had performed faithfully the duties of the inferior sphere in which he found himself. The superior talent always shows itself in the superior performance of inferior duties. It is the man who is faithful in little things to whom there is given authority over larger things. He who has never learned the art of drudgery is never likely to acquire the faculty of great and memorable work, since the greater a man is, the greater is his power of drudgery.

Every one remembers how, a short time ago, the great steamship *Umbria* was stopped in mid-Atlantic by a flaw in her engine-shaft. Relatively to the entire mass of the shaft, and the vast and intricate machinery of the vessel, that flaw was a very small thing indeed; but it was enough to stop the vessel. The main shaft of a man's life is purpose, and the flaw in it is too often a lack of patience and care in little things. Patience constitutes the main element in successful drudgery. Men will not take pains. They will not see to it that all they do is thoroughly done. They have none of that infinite patience which made Michael Angelo spend a week in bringing out a muscle in a statue with more vital fidelity to truth, or Gerhard Dow a day in giving the right effect to a dew-drop on a cabbage leaf. Their idea of success in life is that it lies at the end of a short cut. They are always looking out for some by-path that they may fall out of the ranks, and leave the tired army plodding on in the muddy road, while they find a royal road of amazing celerity to the summit. They are deserters, and as such deserve to be shot. They are satisfied with no calling that demands patience and endurance, and their desire for some different calling is strictly conditioned by the notion that it is easier or more lucrative. But in the long run the muddy road is the best walking. Somehow the men who doggedly stick to it, who are patient, and pertinacious, and painstaking, arrive at the summit in due time, and do not find the deserters either there or anywhere within sight. It is not the brilliant idler, but the drudge of the school, who is afterwards heard of as the great lawyer or the learned professor. There is actually no limit to what the power of drudgery can do for a man, or the successes to which it may conduct him. It gives cohesion to his purposes, and in the stormiest sea the great shaft of purpose goes on working



with unvarying precision, and his life steadily moves nearer its goal. But where a man has no power of drudging pertinacity, the flaw starts in the shaft under the first stress of weather, and all progress is at an end. Splendidly equipped as such a man may be in every other respect, all is useless if the main-shaft be not sound; for when the flaw starts there, the whole ship of life pauses, and hangs useless and unwieldy in the perilous seas.

But the gains of drudgery are not seen only in the solid successes of life, but in their effect upon the man himself. Let me take in illustration a not infrequent case. Suppose a man gives up his youth to the struggle for some coveted degree, some honour or award of the scholarly life. It is very possible that when he obtains that for which he has struggled, he may find that the joy of possession is not so great as the joy of the strife. It is part of the discipline of life that we should be educated by disillusion; we press onward to some shining summit, only to find that it is but a bastion thrown out by a greater mountain, which we did not see, and that the real summit lies far beyond us still. But are we the worse for the struggle? No; we are manifestly the better, for by whatever illusion we have been led onward, it is at least clear that without the illusion we should not have stood as high as we do. So a man may either fail or succeed in gaining the prize which he covets; but he cannot help being the gainer in himself. He has not attained, but he has fitted himself for attaining. It is better to fail in achieving a great thing than to succeed in achieving a little one, and the struggle that fails is, in any case, to be preferred to the stolidity which never aspires. And why? Because the struggle is sure to develop certain great and noble qualities in ourselves. Thus, though such a man may not gain the prize he sought, he has gained a command over his chance desires, a discipline of thought, a power of patient application, a steadiness of will and purpose, which will stand him in good stead throughout whatever toils his life may know in the hidden years which lie before it. And even if he gains the prize he sought, the real prize is found not in a degree, a certificate, a brief taste of applause on a commemoration day, but in the deeper strength of soul, the wider range of wisdom, which the long discipline of unflinching effort has taught him. So true is this, that Lessing, who was among the wisest of thinkers, said, that if he had to choose between the attainment of truth and the search for truth, he would prefer the latter. The true gain is always in the struggle, not the prize. What we become must always rank as a far higher question than what we get.

The fact is, that none of us sufficiently recog-

nise that the faculty for work is an acquired habit rather than a natural tendency. Centuries of civilization have no doubt bequeathed to us certain forms of hereditary energy; but at heart we still share the indolence of the savage. There is a great deal of truth in the saying that the idle man often works hardest, because he wants to get back to his idling. What that really means is, that no one begins life by thinking of work as an end in itself, but only as a means to an end. We see that certain things which we desire cannot be gained without work, and therefore we work. The school-boy perceives that the play-hour is the prize of diligence, and he becomes diligent because he does not wish to be kept in. He would much prefer to play all the time, and if he had the arrangement of the world in his own hands, would take steps for the complete suppression of all schools that taught anything more unpleasant than football and cricket. But after a year or two of school life, the habit of work is set up, until by the time manhood is reached it becomes a necessary condition of existence. By that time, work has become the music of life, the salt of health, the main-spring of character. The habit has become so strong that it seems a normal tendency, and we realize that the worst misery of life is indolence, the highest joy "the efficacy of the fulfilled effort." But the truth is that such a condition is merely the final fruit of a prolonged discipline, and is the golden prize of innumerable leaden hours of drudgery.

Viewed from this point, drudgery is the prime weapon of civilization, and the most beneficent force at work upon society to-day. We should welcome it because we see that by its force alone, continually operating in society, men have left behind them the indolence of the savage, and have created the great commonwealths of mutual labour, where the arts flourish, where learning is honoured and valued, where the high achievements and great rewards of progress cast a glory upon human life, and make it a divine wonder and a noble joy. In the lands where the necessity for labour is least, man is still at his lowest, and the luxuriant climate never fails to breed the enervated race. But, on the contrary, we see that where the sky is grey and the climate unkindly, where the soil yields nothing save to the diligent hand, and life itself cannot be supported without incessant toil, man has reached his highest range of physical and intellectual development. Behind the dykes of Holland, under the grey skies of Britain, on the sterile soils of Scotland and New England, great races have thriven, and have built the roads of progress along which the civilized world moves unceasingly to its unseen goal. In moods of indolent depression, when the monotony of inces-



sant labour weighs upon us, we may perhaps covet, as the dyspeptic hero of "Locksley Hall" coveted, some far-distant "Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea"; but in our manlier hours we shall cry,—

I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our  
glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with  
lower pains;  
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun  
or clime,  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of  
time?  
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the  
younger day,  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

One of the chief lessons, then, which youth has to learn in its apprenticeship to life is the nobleness and gains of drudgery. The least bit of work well done is more to be desired than the most luxurious idleness. The people least to be envied in the world are those who do not know the joy of earning their bread, and are provided for "without the sweet sense of providing." There is, as Carlyle so often assured us, a perennial nobleness in honest toil. The bread for which we have worked is the only bread that is sweet to us, and by it the soul is fed not less than the body. If we cannot altogether agree in the aphorism of a great French writer, who is himself an example of amazing industry, that "the man who works is always good," we can at least agree that he has become possessed of the elements of self-reverence and self-control, and treads a path which makes for goodness, and aids in its development. For the idle youth is always the vicious youth. To have no work to do, or to take no interest in our work, is to lay ourselves open to the assault of every vice, the seduction of every sin. Those of us who have never known the day when we had no work to do, do not know how much we are indebted to the law of drudgery for such virtue of life and rectitude of thought as we possess. There is a worse hardship than drudgery: the hardship of indolence. The youth who is intent on making

the best use of life will recognise that principle, and will learn to be grateful to that invisible Taskmaster who has made his life consistently laborious, and permitted him no bread nor leisure which he has not earned.

But over and above all these considerations that pertain to ourselves and our own interests, there is the obligation which lies upon us in the thought of our relation to the race. Others have built the houses in which we live, the churches in which we worship, the roads by which we travel. By the toil of patriots and sacrifice of martyrs there has been built up, inch by inch, through a thousand years of struggle, the great edifice of liberty and order which is our inheritance to-day. By the patient drudgery of scholars have come the fruits of learning, by the unrecognised heroism and unrewarded labours of many a man, writing in his lonely garret the book that brought him bare bread, the great literature which to-day is our boast and joy, our pride and consolation. We are the heirs of an immeasurable past, the residuary legatees of all the ages. It has been the business of each generation to add its stone to the growing cairn, its contribution to the general wealth of life, and pass upon its way un murmuring to the final shadows. Our parents drudged for us, and if we are what we are, it is because hands that are long since dust once toiled for us, and generations of vanished lives were sacrificed in our service. He who ignores these obligations is a traitor to the race. As the past toiled for us, so now it is our turn to toil for the future. The gains of a past drudgery we inherit, and it is for us to add to the growing store. And this we may do in the certain conviction that no work well done can be worthless, that the humblest life lived in diligence and patience may be truly noble; for we live under a reign of law, which attaches "to every wrong and error a measured, inevitable penalty, to every rightness and prudence an assured reward—penalty of which the remission cannot be purchased; and reward, of which the promise cannot be broken."—W. J. DAWSON.

"How to Make a Speech" is the title of a very interesting interview with Mrs. Wynford Philipps, in *The Young Woman* for May. Miss Friederichs contributes a touching little "May Day Idyll," Mr. Garrett Horder writes on "Rebekah—Fond but Foolish," Edward Garrett gives an admirable character sketch of Jean Ingelow, there are stories by Mrs. Oliphant and G. B. Burgin, Miss Clementina Black supplies some startling information concerning "The Condition of Working Women," Mrs. Fenwick Miller chats very pleasantly about "A Holiday in Switzerland," and there are other contributions by

Mr. W. J. Dawson and Mrs. Esler. The whole number is fully illustrated, and is sold at 3d. (Partridge & Co.)

MR. SILAS K. HOCKING has a delightful paper, entitled "Husbands and Husbands," in *The Home Messenger* for May. There is also a new portrait and character sketch of Lady Henry Somerset, an article on "Hardening the Heart," by W. J. Dawson, a story by L. T. Meade, and other papers by Dr. Parker, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, etc. (Partridge & Co. 1d.)

If the yoke of Christ is not easy, you are wearing it with a stiff neck.—*The Ram's Horn*.



## DOLPHIN: A LONDON DOG.

By W. J. LACEY.

It was so fierce an onset of blows that the victim could not find breath for protest. He wriggled like an eel, and darted his head in every direction to escape contact with hard knuckles. But the iron grip on the ragged wrap round his neck would not be shaken off.

"I say, mister, easy there, will ye? 'Twas only a dawg he chevied, anyhow, if it was your dawg."

A loafer in the black throat of Budd's Buildings stopped his puffs at a stunted pipe to surlily defend his offspring. He was not hasty about it. Discipline in the court was understood as a common privilege. At all events, up to a point. But Tweeny Stoneman, *père*, had watched until he conceived the point was passed.

"It wasn't me—it was—another man," came in panting and pained expostulation from the limp heap in the captor's clutch.

Tom Goss had sharp ears and a curious trick of intuition. His reason said that young Tweeny lied. Something beyond reason suggested that he told the truth. And in his darkest moods the "gentleman dosser" at old Simeon Sleep's kindled to a flash of humour. His blue eyes twinkled now at the boy's precocious claim to adult dignity. In another second his anger was wholly gone. He laughed and released the mannikin of fourteen. Indignation oddly flamed up in turn on the boy's face. It was a pinched face, pallid under its grime.

"I see as you don't b'lieve me," he said, "but it's true, Mr. Goss—true as thunder. I can't tell ye who 'twas. Not as I'm afraid he'd whack me; but tellin' isn't fair."

The accents were found convincing. Gaunt Tom Goss put his hands back to his pockets—they were generally there—and looked the lad he had wronged up and down. Perhaps he discerned better qualities under the torn fustian than he had suspected. A simple crisis brings out good as well as evil. He fired a dark thread of tobacco juice at a curly dog of indefinite colour which was slinking towards the group and declaring an ecstasy of allegiance with an absurd stump of a tail. And he made a handsome apology.

"I'm sorry I hit you, young Tweeny," he said. "I don't disbelieve that it was a mistake, and I like a man"—the twinkle was in his eye again, and he repeated, with a covert unction,— "a man who won't tell tales of somebody else—who *was* cruel to a dog that's wife and child and home and meat to me. If I catch them, let 'em have a care for their bones; I'll take full payment."

He ended with a strange inset of passion as unintelligible to the two Tweenys as the most of his ways and words. Dolphin was the one listener who seemed to understand, if the revolving catherine wheel which thumped its owner's legs was a trustworthy witness. But then Dolphin—the name was an incongruity, like the *amende* to young Tweeny—Dolphin, a dog of no breed, had received a flattering testimonial. There was one conspicuous omission. Tom Goss did not go the length of saying that his dog's love and loyalty was meat "and drink" to him. He dared not.

Life bonds are woven of puzzling strands, twisted by who knows what inner presiding fate. From this stormy morrow of a day when a sharp cord, and a clattering tin, and resultant canine fury had ended in the docking of Dolphin's caudal beauty, young Tweeny, and Tom Goss, and Tom Goss's dog, were a league against oppression in Budd's Buildings. It was a treaty without either preliminaries or acknowledgment; but it held. Dolphin was the strength and weakness of the alliance. He had two friends instead of one. But sometimes protector was ranged against patron, and relations were strained. The cause was always the same, and Tom Goss, as a just judge with the faculty of setting self at his own bar, was careful on each occasion to explain in a wiser hour.

"You see, young Tweeny, I've had a lot of trouble," he would say. The opening formula never varied; nor the verdict which dismissed the culprit to repeat his offence.

"I've come downhill. I've been kicked out of a fine business by my brother Jim. He leads my mother as he likes. We Gosses are somebodies at Swaffbourne. And we are all alike—a hot and hasty set. The fault of where I am is mine, though; and that's enough about it."

He generally whistled here. It was a confidence which young Tweeny had alone, and did not even share with his father. Simeon Sleep's changing constituency was only aware that the permanent lodger was not as themselves. Instinct showed them a secret stamp of gentility.

The bar of an old song would break off, and Tom Goss resumed:—

"These things try me, and I'm not so careful as I should be. I can't do without a drop o' spirits, and then I get excited, and I remember, and something or somebody has to know of it, and most often that's poor old Dolphin. Once it was you, young Tweeny. And I'm glad you get him out of my sight and out of my reach. Why, I've been afraid I've broken his ribs with



an unlucky kick. When I'm sober, I'd die first. That's a solid fact. You and Dolphin both believe that, young Tweeny?"

"Yes, we b'lieve you," the boy would answer gravely. If he read properly the look of the eyes buried in Dolphin's shaggy hair, he did well to respond for two.

"Right you are. Then never you worry yourselves when I'm nasty. I know I'm a fool."

If any other foot or hand were raised in threat to Dolphin, the defensive compact was sure to nip mischief in the bud. Young Tweeny would interfere first, and if his insignificant size was despised—he and Dolphin were dwarfish—a peculiar call, shrill and urgent, and mysteriously blown between clasped palms, invariably brought out Tom Goss from either Simeon Sleep's or Patterbury's gin-palace, beyond the neck of Budd's Buildings. Loafers learned the signal, and there were false scares sometimes.

"I don't mind; it's a good thing if I am fetched out of Patterbury's," Tom Goss said, when Tweeny junior apologised for an unnecessary alarm. Was it shame that puckered his forehead?

"Dolphin knows that, for I can never get him in," he added.

It was not news to young Tweeny. But when, in spite of his transient dissatisfaction, Dolphin's master had returned to the neighbourhood of a liquor-bar, the boy talked seriously to the dog.

"Guess that's why he's so fond o' you, old man," he said, letting the black, damp nose burrow into his torn vest as he sat astride a stone slab. "You've stuck to him wherever he's gone. Yes, when he was cruel. You've been his friend, same as I am"—the small figure dilated—"on'y better. But you wouldn't ha' no truck with the places where he gets made mad. You've got gumption, Dolphin; you've got gumption."

The fragment of a tail wagged at the compliment. Young Tweeny patted Dolphin, and went on anew.

"And you and I know he's a real gennelman at bottom, don't we,—quite as good as 'im with that shiny stovey what's coming up the court. That is, if Mr. Goss had his rights."

But the intruder on the privacy of poverty was staring about him like a man bewildered and more than a little nervous. There is such a thing as *la garrotte*; and this was an indubitable London slum, though traffic tides rolled past the entrance.

Young Tweeny was a speculator as well as a philanthropist. Sixpence, perhaps a shilling, was in that glance of indecision and of search. Politeness was the counter you threw to realize your fortune. The chance was very scarce at Budd's Buildings.

Grimy fingers were tugging at the shock hair.

"If ye please, sir, I knows everybody."

"I don't want to—here," said the stranger, with a growl of disgust that made Dolphin slink away; "but I must find one place and one man. Which is Sleep's lodging-house? and do you know a Thomas Goss?"

A spring dawn sometimes clouds and clears and clouds again like the boy's face. He was surprised. And the nature of his surprise meant that Mr. Goss's enemies were finding him out here. Then he reflected that it was likely to be good news—Mr. Goss would get his own again. And swiftly upon that came the thought which was a stab of pain. If the favourable guess were fact, Tom Goss would go away, and Dolphin with him. What a blank it would leave!

But the stranger waited, his impatience kept longer on the leash by his genuine anxiety. People were beginning to peer at him from doors and windows. The hulking gang at the bottom of the *cul-de-sac* seemed moving up. His rotund figure had shot in between them like a bolt from a catapult, and he was as eager to shoot out. On Commercial Road he felt safe, but not here.

He was led in the direction he desired.

"I can take ye to Mr. Goss, sir."

Young Tweeny lodged his new employer at the entrance to Patterbury's, and brought his friend out. Curiosity was over-mastering, and he hovered within ear-shot. He heard Tom Goss's words,—not the other's.

"Mother's dead, is she?"—there was emotion,—and it was her wish that I should come home? You back up that invitation, do you, Jim, out of regard to her memory? But you impose conditions, of course. That's necessary. I am a reprobate, and know it; and you, my elder brother, have taken care that I should know it. You have dinned it into my ears. Do I owe you anything? No; you cannot say that I do. The annuity you pay—a paltry fifty pounds a year—was my merest legal right. You could not withhold it. Reform? I tell you I will not reform. You were harsh, all of you; and I kicked. But as I couldn't be driven into your strait-laced ways, neither will I be bought. Thanks for coming, Jim. You'll not see me at Swaffbourne."

The dark clouds had rolled back. Glee brought the whistle to young Tweeny's lips. He wanted companionship in his satisfaction. Where was Dolphin? Not at his heels, as he expected. He looked across the street, and his heart gave a bound of terror. Dolphin had strayed, and was returning at the brisk lilt of the whistle. But he was a foolish dog in a tangle of vehicles, and a light cart was upon him. A boy's wild dash did not save Dolphin, but it nearly threw a human life after the mongrel. There was a





"CURIOSITY WAS OVERMASTERING, AND HE HOVERED WITHIN EARSHOT."

confused mesh of cries, expostulations, scolding. Then young Tweeny was dragged out by a policeman. His teeth were clenched in his agony, and his right arm hung helpless at his side. But the other gripped the lifeless pet which represented a prodigal's world of affection—sacrificed.

The pity of Tom Goss's loss was more to young Tweeny even in those first seconds of his exquisite pain than his own injuries. Tears were a rarity to the street arab; but they came in floods now.

"What'll he do? He'll have nothing nor nobody. He'll drink himself to death; I know



he will. Dolphin had stuck to him ten year an' more. He said so. I must tell him, please."

And before they could take young Tweeny to the London Hospital, Tom Goss had to be sought. His brother was gone, and he came. The bloated face with its shallow tints of dissipation took a hard, set look as old Tweeny and a score of triflers, who had found a queer drama, pieced together the story of disaster. The boy was searching the tall profligate's features, and all his fears seemed verified. What could he do to turn those currents of bitterness? It was an importunate problem.

"Don't think you've got nobody, Mr. Goss," he said. "I shall be out o' hospital soon, and we'll get another dawg like Dolphin down the Dials. I knows a shop."

But he realized as he spoke that his proposal was empty mockery. The world had many dumb creatures who would wait with patient loyalty on a master's mood. But neither in Seven Dials nor elsewhere was there a second edition of Dolphin. The mist shut out Tom Goss's grim countenance.

"Reg'lar smashed, the doctor says; arm'll have to come off. And all for a blasted dawg!" old Tweeny was saying angrily at Tom Goss's other ear. And still no answer followed.

There are seasons when words are ridiculous symbols to stand for the forces that revolutionize character. They are inadequate. Tom Goss did not know that words were expected of him. If he had understood, he must have sought them by a costly effort. When the stunning effects of the blow passed, he roused himself to fight a battle—such a battle as transforms character. New determination for this contest came when he heard the fatal sentence spoken by the house-surgeon,—

"The boy's arm must be amputated."

Maimed through life for Dolphin's sake! Maimed through life for him! Tom Goss had

taken his decision. There was a solemn light in his eyes.

"Your son's future shall be my care," he said briefly to old Tweeny.

That hoary reprobate first launched an expletive, and then laughed savagely. It sounded like an ill-conceived and untimely jest from a drunkard and one of Simeon Sleep's lodgers.

But Tom Goss slew a foolish and baneful pride as he purposed to slay a ruinous physical excess. He went at once to Swaffbourne, and to the Lake Mills. It pricked his conscience that unmistakable delight shone on his brother's face as they met.

"Jim," he said brokenly, "I'll put myself in your hands, if you'll let me. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor shall go down my throat. I'll be a different man. I'll work, and you shall see a change. In the old days I used to work in the counting-house. Perhaps I could again. I'll come back on your terms—better by far than I deserve."

And an old feud ended, and a prodigal's repentance proved sincere, and in the course of the years Jim Goss's proposition became a fact at Budd's Buildings, and the firm was Goss Brothers.

Long before that a bright young lad came into the Mills. He was soon every one's favourite. Easy tasks were found for him. He had but one arm; but so long as he was with Tom Goss he was not unhappy.

Jim Goss put a question once, and barriers of reticence fell.

"What made you alter your mind so suddenly, Tom?" he said.

His brother smiled, and thought of Dolphin; and then of young Tweeny not yet convalescent from the issue of his act of heroic love. He answered very softly and with moisture in his eyes after the sunshine,—

"Only a London dog."

DR. PARKER very frequently quotes the following stirring lines by Charles Mackay :—

Cleon hath a thousand acres :

Ne'er a one have I.

Cleon fees a score of doctors :

Need of none have I.

He in velvet, I in fustian,—

Healthier man am I.

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,

Cleon fears to die.

Death may come, he'll find me ready,

Happier man am I.

Cleon hears no anthems ringing

In the air and sky.

To me all nature's ever singing,

Earnest listener I.

If we like a man's dream, we call him a reformer. If we don't like his dream, we call him a crank.—W. D. HOWELLS.

THERE are two things needed in these days—first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work.—EDWARD ATKINSON.

THOSE who cannot find time to attend a gymnasium may now get physical culture at home by means of the Health Exerciser, an admirable machine sold by Messrs. J. Foot & Son, 62, New Bond Street, W.

As many young men are looking out, at this season of the year, for a suitable bicycle, we gladly say a good word for the Juno Cycles, which have achieved a world-wide reputation for strength and lightness. Full details are given in the beautifully illustrated catalogue issued by the Metropolitan Machinists' Co.



## IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

## II.—GOOD SCEPTICS AND BAD CHRISTIANS.

"I HAVE looked on the face of a saintly woman this very day," says our genial friend the *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, "whose creed many dread and hate, but whose life is lovely and noble." We, too, have looked on the face of good and noble-hearted sceptics; and we have gone away feeling that they had raised a new problem for faith.

We have read Darwin's *Life*, or have been confronted with "Luke Raeburn" in Edna Lyall's *We Two*, and we have found ourselves face to face with the stubborn question, how to account for a character of singular sincerity and goodness, sustained without a belief in Christianity. If sceptics are to be found who are such upright and unselfish men, why should we any longer regard the Christian religion as vital for human welfare? Specially severe is the shock of this discovery, if one has experience of shifty deacons, mean-hearted, self-centred Christians.

Now, *was it his scepticism that gave birth to the good sceptic's code of honour and Christly spirit?* If we trace to their prime source his conceptions of noble character, if we draw up the genealogy of his moral principles and personal virtues, shall we find that these sprang from his sceptical creed?

He is a good husband, let us say. But, if so, where did his reverence for the marriage tie originate? Whence his sense of the sacredness of wedlock and of the purity of home? We shall see by-and-by what effect scepticism seems to have upon the domestic question. But in the case of the men we have now in our minds, whence came their respect for womanhood, monogamy, and childhood? If they have large hearts and fellow-feeling for all suffering strugglers, whence their sympathy with human woe? The *vis a tergo*, the force at the back of all,—whence came that?

Of his blackest period of doubt, Carlyle could say, in his *Sartor*, "From suicide a certain aftershine (Nachschein) of Christianity withheld me." In the sterling lives of good sceptics we often see this "aftershine of Christianity." The very qualities which set them in favourable contrast with many Christians run back their roots, not to unbelief, but to the ethics and the diffused spirit of Christ.

Not that all human goodness flows down to us within the banks of Christianity. It is a poor compliment to God to discredit the natural goodness of mankind, so as thereby to add to the credit and reputation of Jesus Christ.

Why should any one, in jealousy for the divineness of Christianity, wish to deny moral illumination and religious feeling to the natural spirit of the human race? That is to rob nine-tenths of human history and the world of their divine elements, to degrade God's work as a whole in the interests of one section of it. The Bible, the Christ of the Bible, has no such narrow conception of the Father. There is, it says, a "light that lighteth every man," the same light that came into the world in Jesus.

With Mr. Moncure Conway "we rejoice in the varied fruits of the Good Mind, though the trees be not labelled from our botany," nor (we may add) planted and trained by our own "Gardener." It would be a mistaken service to Christianity to ascribe all the virtues in the sceptics' or our own character to the influence of the historic Christ. Yet, as a mere matter of fact, Christianity has passed into all the streams of English life, into the conscience and intelligence and social code of the Anglo-Saxon race. A Christian heritage falls to every one of us, no matter what our creed may be.

A glance along history—we have the authority of Lecky and Hallam for the claim—will certify that Christ and men like Thomas à Kempis and Sir Thomas More and Luther and George Fox have laboured, and Darwin and Mrs. Besant, and all other sceptics, as well as all Christians, have entered into their labours. The founder of Positivism studied and prized no book more than the *Imitatio Christi* (also George Eliot's chief companion); and his Altruism is only a poorer name for Christian love.

If the world owes anything at all to Jesus, it surely owes to Him its ennobling ideal of the service of others, taught and illustrated alike by His life and death. Yet this is the foremost and favourite principle among Positivists and Ethical Societies, which sometimes proclaim it as if they had invented or discovered it! In truth, the entire Humanitarianism of the day, the chief plank in the platform of sceptical reformers, is *mainly* and ultimately the work of the Great Humanitarian and His penetrative spirit. Even the favourite terms "humanity," "brotherhood," "regeneration of society," in such constant use among the forward school, are expressions of Christian origin. Says pawky Andrew Fuller: "After grazing in the pastures of revelation, they boast of having grown fat by nature."

Prof. Huxley had a Christian parentage. He is still nourished by what Renan calls the



moral sap of the old faith—"la sève morale de la vieille croyance." George Eliot was bred an evangelical. Most of the better sceptics have the blood of a Christian ancestry in their veins. "The American baby sucks in freedom with the milk of the breast at which he hangs." We may substitute "Christianity" for "freedom" in that sentence. Christian heredity, a Christian environment, a Christian ethical atmosphere, the harvest of past Christian conflicts and teachings—to these we all, whatever our beliefs, are indebted for the best that is in us. Our whole English thought and life, our common ideals, are largely saturated with Christianity. It is like Anglo-Saxon in our language, which we employ as part of our birthright.

"Society is a strong solution of books," says the Autocrat; and, equally, a strong solution of Christian ethics. With the Bible taught to successive generations, no wonder if its elements are, more or less fully, in our blood, in the fabric of our mind and life, a second nature. In the strength of the Christian bread eaten by our fathers and our race, we are able to go fasting in the wilderness forty days and forty nights, and still display some of the old virtues and energies.

One is reminded of the spies who brought back a bad report of the land of Canaan, while all the time they bore on their shoulders burdens of rich grapes plucked from its vines, belying their report. Good sceptics bear in their lives and homes the fruits of that Christian soil which they depreciate. Their personal and domestic virtues, when rightly viewed, are a tribute and testimony in no small measure to Christianity, which still girds them, though they may not know it.

You criticise the soil? It reared this tree—  
This broad life and whatever fruit it bears.

Russell Lowell was a man with no prejudice in favour of churches and theology. His literary culture and his acquaintance with life were sufficiently wide to liberalize his sympathies. His recent "Letters," so sane, so radiant with genial lights and frank avowals, so richly stored, are in themselves an education. Perhaps his words may carry weight in quarters where ours would be discounted: they are worth quoting:—

"I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not, perhaps, aware how much we are sustained by an enormous mass of religious feeling and religious conviction, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think, for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character, I do not know what would become of the less favoured classes of mankind, if they undertook to play the same game."

Any Christian system of religion, in spite of defects, is "infinitely preferable to any form of polite and polished scepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools, the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God and leave them to die without hope. These men, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without a religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution."

When the keen scrutiny of sceptics "has found a place on this planet, ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted, a place where age is revered, infancy respected, womanhood honoured, and human life held in due regard,—when sceptics can find such a place, ten miles square, on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical *literati* to move thither, and then ventilate their views. But so long as these men are very dependent on the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob a Christian of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to men that hope of eternal life which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."

Then, too, a religion of scepticism cannot be fully tried and tested on the scale of the individual or even of a single generation. Society and the nation must adopt and practise it for a length of time sufficient to reveal its ultimate issues. Imagine an English friend now deep in Africa writing home: "You affirm that the inhabitants of Central Africa are dark-skinned. I have lived here for years and am not black!" Marry, no! but even you are tanned! Is it much more rational for a man to say, "I live without Christ and without prayer, and yet I think I am not less moral than average Christians." Perhaps so—though one would need to see to your spirit's core to determine what is happening under the crust of moral habit. But bring up your children on that principle. Let society at large, also, dispense with the spiritual supports of Christianity. Then, after a couple of generations



have assimilated the scepticism and have done a little to get quit of inborn Christian blood—then, and not perfectly even then, can we see the proper and indigenous harvest of a life entirely denuded of Christianity.

Even a couple of generations do not eradicate latent virtues. For, as the missionaries in Samoa told Baron von Hübner, it takes several generations for Christian morality to get into the blood. Conversely we might say with Miss Frances Power Cobbe: "It would take several thousand years to make a full-blooded atheist out of the scion of forty generations of Christianity."

*Men of exceptional powers of mind and force of character* are scarcely a fair test of unbelief: for "genius has ever meat to eat that the world knows not of." The very energy of their powers, by which they have braved current opinion and thought their way through the thicket to a clear ground of their own, is probably one large factor that makes their moral character appear to be proof against the supposed effects of unbelief.

Prof. Clifford and Darwin and "Luke Raeburn" are not the most decisive measure of the harvest of scepticism—any more than Savonarola and John Knox are of Christianity. Give unbelief to the masses of the people and set it in the homes and workshops of England. Then we shall see whether it does not tend to relax moral bonds, enfeeble social virtues, and give excuse for the gratification of selfish desire.

Not all sceptics are bad men; but *bad men are glad to become sceptics* and so get rid of unwelcome moral restraints,—a flash from actual life that betrays the moral power of religion. Truth, also, compels us to say that many sceptics are either "cranks," or cynics, or social revolutionists wild with general rebellion against all order. A medical man, who had for a time relinquished all faith—a sorrow-made sceptic—has, while these words were being written, said to the writer: "If you ever meet with cases like mine, advise them to go to hear sceptics lecture. I went: and it was they who drove me back to Christianity."

\* \* \*

Is not this, however, the very weapon with which Christianity can be best assailed? *What of the bad specimens of Christians?*

"Look here," said a young man to Professor Drummond, "you see that elderly gentleman? He is the founder of our infidel club." "But he is a leading elder of the Church!" "I know he is: but he founded our infidel club. Every man in the village knows what a humbug he is, and so we will have nothing to do with religion."

Bad logic it may be, or good. But even the one-eyed observer can see that there are

thousands of worthy citizens who never darken a church door solely because they have found many Church people to be mean-spirited, narrow-hearted, close-fisted, and self-seeking. The Heart-searcher alone knows how hard it is to retain belief in a religion so much on the lips of humbugs.

Happily, on the other hand, the richest, noblest natures, the most deeply-principled and trusty men we have ever met have been unostentatious evangelical Christians; and they help to save our faith. Carlyle avows: "As to the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best that one will find in any class whatsoever."<sup>1</sup>

After all, however, is Christ discredited by the offensive samples of religious people? Is the half-sanctimonious Bulstrode of *Middlemarch*, is the unctuous Chadband of Dickens, an argument against Christianity? Are they not an indirect plea for the *genuine* article in religion? Obviously it is not in virtue of their being Christians that they are objectionable: it is because they are *bad* specimens, because they misrepresent Christ's Christianity.

How can Christ prevent the mean and selfish from calling themselves by His name? Malthus cannot justly be saddled with all the loose code gathered round the name of Malthusianism. Senator Nicodemus need not draw off from Christ because one in twelve among His intimates is a greedy traitor, and another in twelve is impulsive and terrified into falsehood.

The exile from the churches may no longer be able to believe in clergy and deacons. But they are not Christ. He still remains to be interpreted and followed; while they may possibly have wandered far from His simple but lofty faith and life. He is entitled to claim that He shall be estimated on His own merits. Disbelieving in much else, one may still keep one's faith in Him, and recognise His power over those in whose heart He is deeply set. I cannot think it fair, however natural it may be, to dismiss His claim upon our love and imitation because of Englishmen, eighteen hundred years after He is gone, who misrepresent Him. As well justify one's intemperance on the ground that some blue-ribbon people drink on the sly! The bad Christians are bad for *want* of Christianity.

"The God that answers by fire," says Mr. Froude in his *Short Studies*, "is the God whom mankind will acknowledge; and so long as the fruits of the Spirit continue to be visible in charity, in self-sacrifice, in those graces which raise human creatures above themselves, thoughtful persons will remain convinced that with them in some form or other is the secret of truth."

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, I. 133.



## A VISIT TO THRUMS—II.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

## THE AULD LIGHT KIRK.

HERE, alas! everything is changed. At my first visit to Thrums I was just in time to catch a sight of the old plastered kirk, before the work of demolition was complete. When I went again, the builders had done their worst. Instead of the white-washed walls and old-fashioned pews, stood a bran-new building of flaring red sandstone without, of varnished pitch-pine within, and with coloured glass windows! You reach the new church by means of a flight of stairs,

gas-fittings (Hendry Munn's snuffers are not needed now), which have been so arranged as to represent the old cruizey, which cast its dim light upon the weaver as he bent at his loom. The last sermon in the old kirk was preached by the Rev. Thomas Hobart, of Carluke, himself a Kirriemarian. At the close of the service, the people sang together the twenty-third psalm. Even under the new dispensation, no "human" hymns are permitted, not even paraphrases—only the psalms.



[From a Photo by  
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

MR. BARRIE'S HOUSE AT KIRRIEMUIR.

for the lower storey has been converted into shops, for the sake of revenue, and now on the very spot where Lang Tammas led the singing, and the Little Minister preached his three sermons against Women, you are invited to buy soap or sausages! By the way, the square was quite excited when the "roup" of the old church furniture took place. Mr. Barrie, I believe, possessed himself of the precentor's desk.<sup>1</sup> All that now remains of the old building—I think my catalogue is complete—is the east end wall, some few chairs of the old session-house, and the big door collection-plate. One not displeasing reminder of bygone days is preserved in the new

The Auld Lichts appear to be gradually dwindling. Their new church has only about one-third of the sittings of the old one. For four years they have had no minister, and the pulpit has had to be "supplied." To-day their membership numbers only about thirty-five. It is not difficult to see what the end must be. Yet let no one sneer at these humble men and women. The Auld Licht's creed can never again be a conquering faith, not even in Scotland; yet, not in Scotland only, but through all the world, many will thank God for that vision of His face, dim though they may think it, which has made these simple weavers strong to do and to endure.

## SOME DISTINGUISHED KIRRIEMARIANS.

Mr. Barrie is, of course, the "lion" of Thrums, but his is not the only name that a visitor is glad to recall. W. R. Lawson, of

<sup>1</sup> The pulpit was sold also. Great things are told concerning that pulpit: "Man," said Tammas Haggart once, "when Mester Byars was oor minister, Sanders Dobie, the wricht, had a standin' engagement to mend the poopit ilka month."



journalistic repute, and Dr. Wylie, valiant defender of the Protestant faith, both hail from Kirriemuir. Kinnordy House, a mile or two from the town, now the seat of Mr. Leonard Lyell, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, was long the home of his famous uncle, Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist. Considerable attention has recently been directed—largely owing to a favourable notice by Mr. Gladstone—to a little story, entitled “Tib,” by “George Douglas.” “George Douglas” is

the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Ferme (now of Haddington), a daughter of the Rev. J. J. Douglas, the Episcopalian minister in Kirriemuir. Kirriemuir appears in the book under the name of Fernlea. But probably the man in all the world of whom the average Kirriemarian is most proud is the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, the distinguished minister of Free St. George’s, Edinburgh. His mother lies buried in the cemetery on the hill: in the square is the little shop where he learned his trade as a shoemaker, and here and there you may find a grey-headed man who remembers him as a school-mate. Only the other day the doctor spoke of the time when he, “a poor, and illiterate youth, aspiring



[From a Photo by  
VALENTINE & SOSS, Dundee.]

AULD LICHT KIRK.

in a far-off and impossible way to college,” walked from Kirriemuir to Forfar to hear Dr. Candlish preach. Poor, in those days, he may have been, but he was always “aspiring”; he read greedily, devouring every book that came in his way. One of his old schoolfellows pointed out to me a stone slab in the kirkyard where, when the other lads were at play, Alexander Whyte would sit conning his Bunyan or Milton. A

divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,

he has learned to “breast the blows of circumstance,” and “made by force his merit known.”

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

It is interesting to learn what “Kirrie” folks themselves think of Mr. Barrie. When I first visited Thrums, the general impression I received was that they were quite unconscious of the fact that they were famous. My friend and I were stared at, as we poked about the town, as if the species “visitor” were unknown. Nor did it seem that the inhabitants had formed any very exalted judgment of the genius of “the man wot puts we into books,” as the Wessex rustics call Thomas Hardy. They will admit (so writes



[From a Photo by  
VALENTINE & SOSS, Dundee.]

NEW AULD LICHT KIRK.



one visitor): "It's a' rale true, but there's nae-thing in't. Mere havers aboot things that's gaen on ilka day—an' wha wants tae waste their time readin' aboot sic like?" Many of them even appeared to resent the very name of Thrums. But a change is gradually coming: little by little the good people are awaking to their fame, and are beginning rather to enjoy it; to some of them it opens up possibilities of a more tangible kind, and now you may buy "Thrums" boots and "Thrums" brooches! But probably the old saying concerning the prophet in his own country will always find some support in Mr. Barrie's example. For the same reason that a man is never a good judge of his own photograph, Mr. Barrie's neighbours will never value his work at its true worth; and personally, he is naturally too shy and retiring ever to become the popular idol of his townfolk. Two or three times I heard his shrinking reticence contrasted with the bluff, hearty cordiality of his brother-novelist, Dr. Conan Doyle, who had recently been spending a few days as a guest at Viewmount House.

#### SOME STRAY GLEANINGS.

Naturally enough, I lost no opportunity of chatting with any of the natives concerning the object of my visit. A brief note of some of the facts thus gathered may bring this paper to a close. It was my good fortune to have a short personal interview with Mr. Barrie himself; but since my call was that of an uninvited stranger, I should be ill repaying his courtesy in receiving me by any attempt to make "copy" out of the visit. He kindly pointed out some of the places of interest already referred to, and answered several queries concerning his stories. One fact, perhaps, I may repeat without betraying any confidences. I was curious to know if the story of Jimsy Duthie and his *magnum opus*—*The Millennium: An Epic in Twelve Books*<sup>1</sup>—was based on any real incident in the life of Thrums. "No," said Mr. Barrie, "it was not;" he had heard or read of some such story in Australia, and he had transferred it, with modifications and additions of his own, to the little, doubled-up old man who used to halt, panting, at the top of the brae.<sup>2</sup>

Coming down the hill from the cemetery one afternoon, I struck up a chance conversation with a woman, a native of Thrums, who had just returned to the town after several years' residence in Dundee, whither so many Kirrie-

marians hive off. The place, she said, seemed greatly altered; especially distressing were the changes in the names of streets: she herself had lived in Tillyloss; now she came back to find it called Newton Bank; in fact, the streets were "a' new named." When I pointed to the sea of slates at our feet, she told me she could remember how one of the last "thackit hooses" had its roof lifted clean off by the wind the night of the Tay Bridge disaster; in the morning you could see right into the house. "That," I said, pointing to one of the two spires that rise out of the red little town, "is the English church, is it not?" "Yes," she replied, "that's the chappel." In Thrums, every place of worship is called a church, except the episcopal church, which is only a "chappel," which, to English ears, sounds a trifle odd.<sup>3</sup> When I questioned my companion about Mr. Barrie, her interest was but languid; she had seen some of his books, but she had not read them. "Young Mr. Barrie," she said, "had never been strong; he could never have gone to the mills, and so," she added with delicious *naïveté*, "as 'he couldna win his leevin' by workin'—he took to writing books!" evidently, in her judgment, a poor makeshift for working.

I asked one young man—a member of the Auld Licht community, and a true Barrie enthusiast—what was the general verdict in Thrums as to the accuracy of the novelist's use of the dialect. "Not invariably favourable," he replied, "as the correspondence in the *Kirriemuir Observer* and other local papers shows. And in one instance, at least," he went on, "Mr. Barrie has himself admitted the truth of the criticisms. In the earlier editions of his books, the expression, 'I sepad,' occurs frequently. But the oldest inhabitants know no such phrase. What is probably meant is 'I'se uphaud' (*i.e.*, uphold, such is my opinion); and this is the form in which the phrase now appears. The rapidity with which it is uttered is the most likely explanation of the mistake."

Another worthy representative of the Auld Lichts I found in the railway station porter. He had been a member of the church for more than twenty years. For fully half an hour, with our backs against a railway truck, I listened as he talked about the history of his people. The way in which he kept his feet among Scottish ecclesiastical controversies was something wonderful to behold. He was an Auld Licht to the finger-tips, and he could give a reason for

<sup>1</sup> See *Window in Thrums*, p. 88.

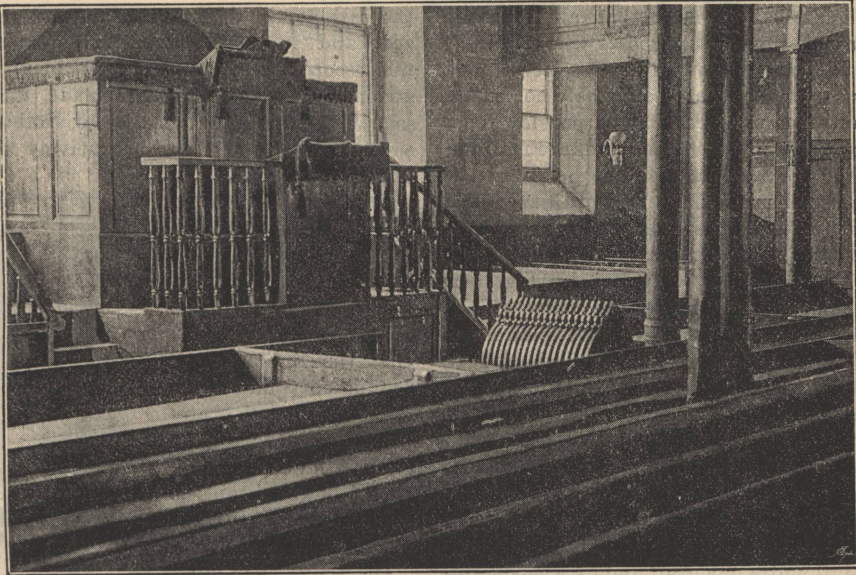
<sup>2</sup> Of still greater interest was the statement made on Mr. Barrie's own authority by Dr. Conan Doyle, in a lecture delivered in Lucerne last August, that some of the chapters in the *Window in Thrums* had been written no less than ten times before their author gave them to the world.

<sup>3</sup> "To belong to the chapel was, in Thrums, to be a Roman Catholic, and the boy who flung a clod of earth at the English minister—who called the Sabbath Sunday—or dropped a 'divet' down his chimney, was held to be in the right way. The only pleasant story Thrums could tell of the chapel was that its steeple once fell."



the faith that was in him. They believed, he said, in the principle of the union of State and Church; therefore they could not join with the U.Ps. They had no sympathy with "latitudinarian views," such, *e.g.*, as were held by Drs. Dods and Bruce; they accepted without reservation the Confession of Faith, therefore union with the Free Church was impossible. On the other hand, he thought his people were too afraid of innovations, and he instanced their

in the old session-books would confirm all that Mr. Barrie had written on that point. He himself could remember members being "sessioned," as it was called, for attending a U.P. church. As to the "original" of the Little Minister, nothing certain could be said: probably no exact prototype had ever existed; in any case, the claim put forward by the Auld Lights of Forfar, in behalf of Dr. Jamieson, once a minister of theirs, was, in his opinion, wholly untenable.



[From a Photo by  
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

INTERIOR OF AULD LIGHT KIRK.

refusal to sanction lay preaching, as a case in point. Coming to Mr. Barrie, I asked him if, as an Auld Licht, he considered that justice had been done to his community. Yes, he said, though he regarded some of Mr. Barrie's pictures as caricatures, rather than portraits; yet, on the whole, he was not inclined to complain. He did not think that the narrowness of the Auld Lights of a former generation had been at all exaggerated. Some very curious records

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Thrums takes up but a very few lines in the guide books; not many English tourists will lose a day in the Highlands to see it; but to us, who have looked upon it with the eyes of its first and most faithful historian, this little battered weaving town, with its queer jumble of streets and wynds, will always seem touched with a gleam of "the light that never was on land or sea."

GOD must like common people, or He would not have made so many of them.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EVERY action, every word, every meal is a part of man's trial and discipline. Character is assuredly ripening or else blighting.—ROBERTSON.

OFTEN, on a winter's night, when the sky is sparkling with innumerable stars, I have gone out and looked hour after hour at the majestic orbs—the great double stars, the clustering, brilliant constellations—and have at last felt almost as if I had left this little planet and was

roaming through the infinite universe of God. But what are all these to the soul of man—to the majestic intellect which can mete out the heavens with a span, and comprehend the dust of earth in a measure and weigh the mountains in scales?—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

EACH succeeding year of life should be the happiest, if only every one were wise enough to see things as they are, for it is certain that there really exists, laid up ready to hand, for those who will just lay hands upon it, enough good for every one, and enough for ever.—JAMES SMETHAM.



## THE MICROSCOPE, AND HOW TO USE IT.

By W. H. DALLINGER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

## III.—HOW TO USE THE MICROSCOPE.

It will be of service to assume that the reader has chosen one of the forms of microscope we have commended as suitable for his use. Let it be granted that it is the simpler of the two forms illustrated in Figs. 18 and 20. This is supplied with all, but no more than all, that the reader for good practical purposes will require.

To use his instrument he must select a good firm "square" table, that is any table not round or oval but rectangular, so as to provide room for rest for the arms when the hands are manipulating. And for this purpose the height of the table is of some moment. The ordinary table is about 2 feet 4 inches high; this is from 3 to 4 inches too low. It is a good plan for the amateur to keep all his appliances together, and if his accessible tables are only of the usual height, a simple and useful plan is to get a piece of inch, or even inch and a half deal, and put a light firm framework underneath it so as to raise it to the required height. For the microscope we are considering, the area would be ample if made  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. This would be still better if a small "bead" were placed round the edge to prevent the apparatus from being pushed off; and some workers like to paint the surface a dull white or a grey, and fix a moderately thick plate of glass over the entire surface. This affords a smooth and pleasant surface, and as a good deal of work has to be done in nearly dark surroundings it enables the operator to see more readily the appliances he will have to be constantly changing.

Such a "tray" can readily be made by any ingenious youth, and if firmly made will make him independent of a table with a special height, and will also enable him to remove the instrument and all appliances "bodily," when its purpose has been served for an evening, to some place of safety.

No doubt the best room for the purpose of the reader would be one having a north light. But we do not even by day recommend the use of daylight. It is uncertain and difficult to use with the best results. Lamplight, a fixed and easily manageable quantity, is by far the best.

This leads to the inquiry, "What source of light should the beginner use?" and we answer, almost any artificial light that is low enough, even a candle will serve for first efforts. The best source of light for the purpose is a paraffin lamp with from a half an inch to an inch wick.

For the purposes of the amateur this need not have a special form, but one in which the height

of the flame can be varied as required, and which has an opaque or screened funnel, so that no light is visible but that which falls upon the mirror, is decidedly desirable.

To improvise such an arrangement is within the capacity of many a reader, and would give zest and interest to the employment of the microscope. But several very inexpensive instruments of this kind are made, and can be seen at the opticians'. Baker of Holborn makes several. We figure a comparatively simple one of his made for the writer which has an opaque metal chimney or funnel, with a slide in front into which to slip a piece of glass, and it is through this that the light passes. It not only moves up and down to any height, by an extremely smooth and rapid method, but it can be racked laterally to right and left.

On some such plan as this a useful source of illumination can be readily made; but a very simple one is made by Messrs. Swift, which has an adjustable bull's eye added, that remains fixed however the position of the lamp may be altered.

Having determined position and light, subdue the lights around you as much as possible, and now place the microscope as in Fig. 18 before you. You find that it can be placed on the tripod at any angle; adopt an angle for it, that as you sit before it appears to present an easy angle for the eye in observing. We assume that there is no eye-piece, and no objective on the tube; and if there be a condenser on the diaphragm cylinder, we conclude that it is unscrewed and removed.

Now place the lamp or other source of light at a convenient distance in front of the microscope, and at such a height as will cause the image of it to fall upon the plane mirror of the instrument. If you are using a paraffin lamp, arrange it so that the narrow edge of the flame, and not its width, is employed for this purpose; now with your left hand move the nurlled bottom ring of

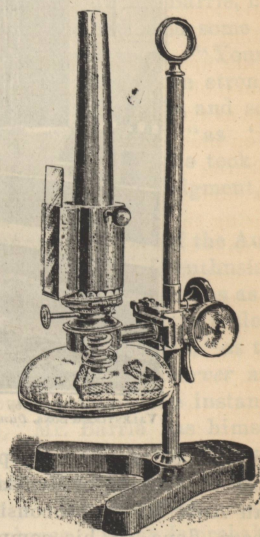


FIG. 26.



the diaphragm cylinder so as to open the iris to its fullest. We assume that the reader will of course have examined this important piece of apparatus, and become familiar with its mode of working.

There is now a clear opening from the mirror to the eye; with the left hand take the mirror, and slowly alter its angles to the flame it is reflecting until the image of the edge of the lamp-flame is clearly seen, and the lamp and microscope so arranged that it is in the *middle* of the tube.

Now take your inch or your two-thirds of an inch objective, and screw it into its place, pulling the tube up into the body to admit of this; and also inserting the eye-piece into its position at the top of the tube. Take some simple, well-mounted object, which may be obtained at a very small cost, such as a thin transverse section of a stem of *Clematis*, and place it on the stage resting upon the stage slide, and with the (plainly visible) object, as near the optical centre of the stage as possible.

You must now arrange your coarse adjustment (working as a sliding tube in the body, or by rack and pinion as you may have chosen) so as to bring the object into view. You really should not with this power (objective) use anything but the coarse adjustment; the hand should be accustomed to so control the sliding or rack motion as to reach a perfect image, which means that the object presents to your eye a clear, sharply-defined picture. When you think it at its best, in your earlier efforts you may employ the fine adjustment; work it backwards and forwards slowly, noting at each alteration the effect on the picture; and to the same end close and open the *diaphragm* beneath the stage, remembering that enough light to *perfectly reveal the image* is all that you need. Mere glare, a lavish effusion of light, is injurious alike to the image and the eye.

Having reached what seems the very best result, go through the same process with the *concave mirror*, and make this first step the basis of a series of varying experiments.

To make a further advance we must take a much more delicate object. Hundreds might be recommended; but I will fix upon a diatom. It will be known that diatoms are extremely minute and imperishable flinty skeletons or frameworks of a group of the minutest plants on earth. They are supremely beautiful, and worthy of close study, and a library has been written upon them. We only select two or three forms because they will be of most service to us in the early use of the instrument.

Take, then, a mounting (easily obtainable) of *Surirella gemma*; see that it is carefully wiped: and after having used your eye-piece for some

time see that it is *clean*. You can easily discover if there be dust upon its lenses, when the instrument (with any power) is in approximate focus by rotating the eye-piece on its own axis in the tube: dirt on the eye-piece *rotates with it*.

Assuming that the microscope is generally centred to the illuminating flame, as in the first demonstration take out your sub-stage diaphragm and screw on your condenser, keeping the iris aperture wide open. Insert the condenser into its position, and with your 1-inch objective focussed to catch it, get the image of the flame which is sent by the mirror through the condenser; and when you obtain this—which may be got by a slight change of position in microscope, lamp, or mirror, if not at once visible, and should be as sharp a picture of the edge of the lamp-flame, as the actual lamp-flame itself—when this is clearly in view, so modify the position of it that it shall occupy the centre of the circular area in which you see it, and which is called the "*field*." This "*centres*" the condenser.

Now place your mount of *S. gemma* on the stage, and find the object without attempting accurate focussing.

Some would recommend you to have your higher power objective, say a 1-4th inch, placed with your 1 inch in use, upon a double nose-piece; but for the best results I would deprecate this. Use a double or triple nose-piece when you must, when rapidity of result is required; but never when you desire the most perfect image attainable, especially with powers above an inch, it disturbs the tube length and to some extent vitiates optical results. Hence in this case, remove your low power, and without disturbing anything, screw on, say, your 1-4th inch. Now focus carefully with the coarse adjustment, carefully avoiding contact with the object. You ought to be able by a little focal management to obtain the image of the flame of the lamp still, and it should be in the centre of the field. If it be not, manipulate the parts involved so as to bring it there.

It is at this point that the "*centring screws*" of the more costly sub-stages are so valuable.

Having obtained this desideratum, you will, on focussing carefully for the object, find one or more of the *Surirella* in the midst of the image of the lamp-flame; now you must, with a twisting motion, draw down your condenser, until the light is more suitable. Again focus with the fine adjustment, try slight modifications of the mirror-angle, delicately retouch your condenser focus, draw out and in slightly the "*draw-tube*" (which slides *within* the tube, to which the objective is screwed), thus slightly lengthening your tube-length—in some cases a most important factor.

Ultimately you should get a perfect picture of



the object—exquisite, glass-like, flat, oval bodies, with a mid-rib running down their long diameters, and a great many “arms” running from the mid-rib to the periphery. Between these arms, there are yet finer and most beautiful parallel markings. But you may scarcely hope to discover these at this stage of your progress.

Here I must say a word on the question of the use of the “correction collar” in object-glasses.

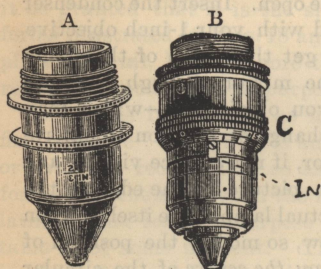


FIG. 27.

The form you have used is represented by A, Fig. 27, but a higher class of objective always has a “correction collar,” as marked at C in B (Fig. 27). By turning this collar, an index marked IN opens and closes; this

corresponds to a change of relation taking place between the lenses of the optical combination. This is to correct an aberration which is involved in the use of the thinner or thicker covering-glass, used to mount minute objects. From what we have seen of the action of glass on light, it must,

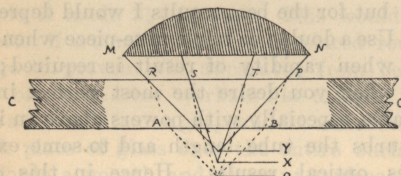


FIG. 28.

by its absence or presence, bring different optical conditions. This will be seen by a study of Fig. 28. MN is the front lens of the object-glass. O is the object from which rays are proceeding in all directions. If we follow two rays, O A, O B, they are of necessity refracted in passing into the cover-glass C C, but in coming again into air, they will emerge parallel to their original paths, O A, O B, and enter the object-glass at MN. But MR, NP, if produced, will meet at the point Y. So that so far, as results go, the rays might have diverged from Y.

In the same way, with two less divergent rays from O, they are refracted to S and T, which being produced, meet at X. So, then, it is plain that the object-glass has to deal with rays apparently proceeding from two distinct points, X and Y. Thus, then, we see that we want the power to under-correct, over-correct, and render aplanatic our object-glass. What this means was shown in Figs. 12, 13, 14, and it can be accom-

plished in a truly aplanatic combination, by causing the back pair of lenses to approach or recede from each other. This is what the “correction collar” does, and the manner of it is shown by the section of an object-glass in Fig. 29, where it will be seen that by turning the “collar,” the screw arrangements cause the distance between the two pairs of lenses to be increased or diminished. And, therefore, such a correction is of large importance for the best results, and in focussing with such a lens, we must ply the screw-collar, as well as, and simultaneously with the other adjustments indicated.

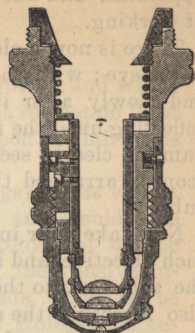


FIG. 29.

We have written hitherto as if the mirror must be used for illumination. This is not by any means so. The mirror, in fact, for high results may bring in errors. We can illuminate *directly* by the lamp, sending its light direct through the condenser. This is shown in Fig. 30, where the mirror is taken away, and in its place a *coloured glass screen* to subdue the light is employed. The process, then, is in all respects the same as when the mirror is used. The small shaded lamp, to the left of the picture, is only used (in the darkened room) to give light for the worker's table.

The objects hitherto which we have examined have been *transparent*, and we have revealed their images by the transmission of light in a proper manner *through* them. But we frequently require to examine *opaque* objects, reflecting light from their opaque surfaces. A minute shell, a very small beetle, or a piece of the wing-case of—say a “diamond beetle.” In this case we must assume the object “*opaquely mounted*,” close the diaphragm, remove the condenser, and put the object centrally on the stage.

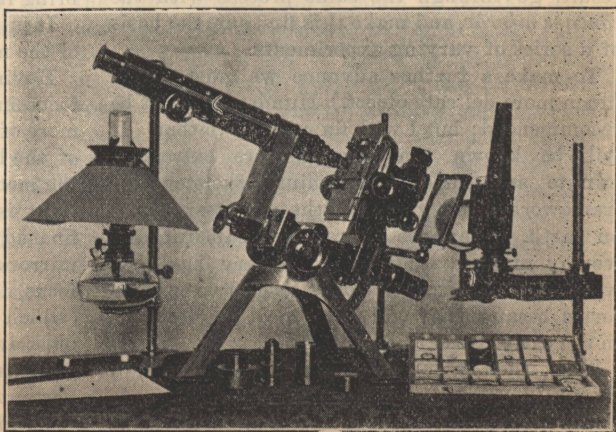


FIG. 30.



Now we use a *bull's-eye*, shown at A (Fig. 31). First of all, find its focal length roughly, which you may do in a dark room with a piece of white

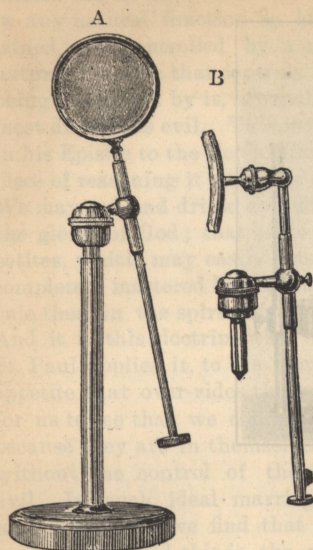


FIG. 31.

paper, and a lamp-flame, causing this to come to a focus, and give an image on the paper. Now arrange your bull's-eye at about this distance from the object, and use your light so that the diminished image of the flame is thrown upon the object to be examined. A little practice will soon give proficiency, then examine the object, and modify the light so as to get the best result.

Instead of a bull's-eye, you may employ, with perhaps better results, a "silver side-reflector," shown at B (Fig. 31), which is a highly polished optical reflector. It is fitted to an aperture in the stage, or, not so usefully, in the small circular aperture in the "arm" of the microscope (Fig. 18). The use of the whole is seen

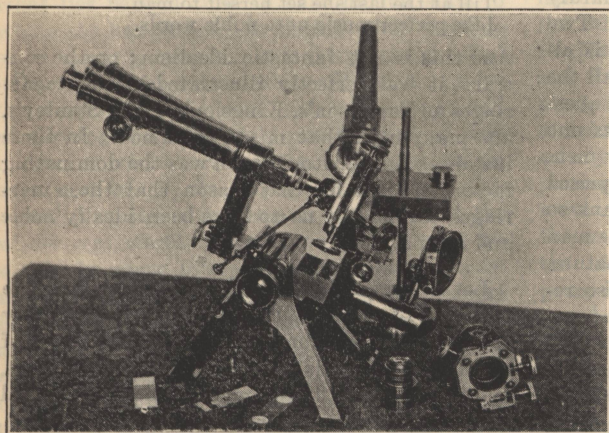


FIG. 32.

in Fig. 32. The lamp, with a bull's-eye in focus near it, throws its image on to a silver side-reflector, which is fixed to the stand, just above the milled head of the coarse adjustment, and that image is again reflected on to the object.

In this way, extremely beautiful results may be attained with opaque objects.

Brief and simple as these chapters are, I may not close without a reference to the simplest method of measuring minute objects.

For this purpose the microscope body must be placed in a horizontal position, as in Fig. 21, and we must employ a *camera lucida*—that is, an instrument by the use of which we can draw the image of a magnified object. We recommend the very simplest form, known as the neutral tint camera lucida, shown in Fig. 33. This cap fits on to the top of the eye-piece. At an angle of 45°, a small plate of neutral tint glass is fixed, which fulfills the optical conditions required: to enable the student to look through it, as in Fig. 34, and at once see the image apparently projected on a sheet of white paper below. Of course, the room should be darkened. Thus, drawings may be made; but they require patient practice to be accurate.

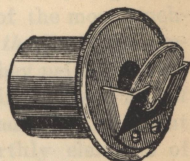


FIG. 33.

Now to measure the size of a minute object, we must possess what is known as a stage micrometer; that is, a slip of glass ruled with a diamond to 10ths, 100ths, and 1,000ths of an inch.



FIG. 34.

Take a mounted object—if you please, a yeast-cell, a cheese-mite, a flea, or any other—carefully with the camera lucida trace the *outline* of the object on paper; then remove the object from the stage, and in its place put the stage micrometer; trace the projected image of this on the same paper, then we can compare the object with a known scale. Thus, suppose the outline of the image exactly fills the interval between the lines of the micrometer which represent the '01 inch, the object measures the '01 inch, and the magnifying power we are using does not enter into our determination of the size of the object.

This also enables us to measure the magnifying power of an objective. Suppose that, with the camera lucida, we draw images of the 1-1,000ths of an inch with a 1 inch and a 1-4th inch objective. We then take an accurate rule, divided into inches and 10ths; then, if one division on the paper covers one inch on the rule, the magnifying power is 1,000 times; if it covered 2-10ths on the rule, it would be 200 times.

But for very accurate and delicate measurements with the microscope, we need a camera lucida that will work when the microscope is in any position, with a special movable "micrometer eye-piece," and for perfect results this eye-piece—to preserve it from participating in any tremor in the microscope itself—should be on a separate stand. This arrangement is shown



in Fig. 35, where the micrometer eye-piece is on a separate stand, to the left of the microscope, and the object is *directly* illuminated. But this

is merely as an illustration of what, in so simple a matter as measurement, yet lies before the zealous and continuous worker.

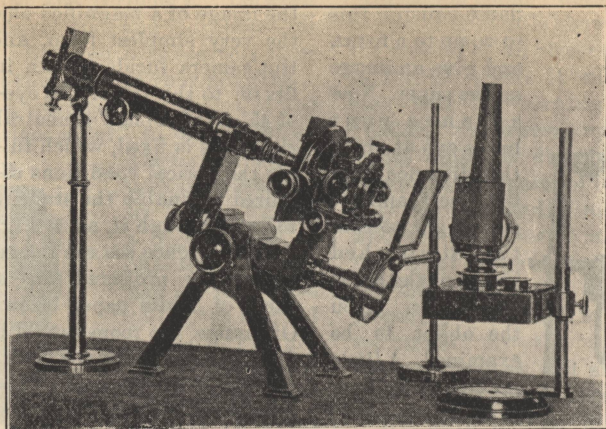


FIG. 35.

## ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

*Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.*

SOME exceptionally interesting letters lie before me this month, which, however, raise questions so important and far-reaching that it is hardly possible to deal with them in a paragraph. Two of these letters touch, in a manner which is altogether modest and manly, what I may call the physical basis of marriage. Now, beyond question, the physical basis of marriage is its one aspect which fills the thoughts of many men. Where this is the case, one cannot be surprised that marriage is a failure. Marriage means so much more than physical union, that to the man of high morality this becomes its least feature. I can even understand it being a feature so repellent to a sensitive nature that the very thought of it is painful. The first thing to remember about marriage is, then, that if any good is to come out of it, it must be a union of souls. The ancient Church was right in calling it a sacrament. It is the mystical mingling of two separated lives, for the sake of their own better development, and the common good of the world. Perhaps the most powerful factor in that development is the mutual discipline which it affords, the law of service by which it is sustained, the daily devotion of each life to ends that are not personal. This ideal has nowhere been sketched more finely than by Tennyson:—

Yet in the long years liker must they grow,  
The man be more of woman, she of man;

He gain in sweetness and in moral height;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,  
Till at the last she set herself to man  
Like perfect music unto noble words,

And this is not fantastic idealism; on the contrary, it was perfectly illustrated in such marriages as Tennyson's, Kingsley's, Dean Stanley's, and many more that might be named. In these instances the spiritual union was the dominating factor, and it is for that reason that these marriages are felt by us to have been ideally noble and complete.

\* \* \*

Let me be quite clear on this point, then. The only sort of marriage that is right, that is likely to help a man or woman in the highest aims of self-development, is based on high sympathies, and is in fact the finest sort of friendship touched with an element that is more than friendship. But because this is so, we have no right to ignore the physical basis of marriage, or to be ashamed of it. One of my correspondents quotes the case of Laurence Oliphant, who at one time held that marriage only meant two persons living as friends under the same roof, and no more. But Laurence Oliphant is no safe guide for average human nature. I do not say that such an ideal is impossible, or that there are not cases in which it might be attempted with success or moral profit. But it is built up pretty much upon the



old monkish notion of the vileness of the body, and of all its functions; and we know that no notion ever brought so much corruption into human life as this. There is nothing shameful in any natural function so long as it is disciplined and controlled by a moral will. Any natural function that controls the will instead of being controlled by it, is capable of working the most disastrous evil. This is St. Paul's doctrine in his Epistle to the Corinthians, and a sounder piece of reasoning it would be impossible to find. We may eat and drink, and do all that we do to the glory of God; that is to say, that our appetites, which may easily master us, may be so completely mastered by us, that we use them and rule them in the spirit of a true self-reverence. And it is this doctrine that we must apply, as St. Paul applies it, to the marriage state. Any appetite that over-rides the will is a lust; it is for us to see that we control our appetites, not because they are in themselves evil, but because without the control of the will they become evil. In such ideal marriages as Tennyson's and Kingsley's we find that this was the unwritten law, and this is the only sane view of marriage. No good will come of ignoring facts; it is our duty to accept the facts of such a relationship, and build upon them our ideal—as Tennyson and Kingsley did.

\* \* \*

There is a point beyond this, which is suggested by a very touching letter from a man who has lost his wife, and wonders in his bitter loneliness what lies beyond time in that hidden state to which she has passed. It is this: that the true effect of a true marriage is to merge the physical in the spiritual relationship. Were it not for those silent forces of sex which bring men and women together, the world could not go on, and marriages would never occur. Whether we recognise it or not, the impulse to marriage rises out of sex; and since this is the order of the whole vast world, there is no reason why we should be eager to repudiate it. But in a marriage which is a true union of souls, this element is gradually weakened; or rather, it is merged in a far higher form of union. No better example of this can be found than in the Browning marriage. No poet has ever had a more distinctively masculine temperament than Browning. The last thing he would have thought of doing would be to ignore the primal physical elements that underlie alike the highest and lowest forms of life. He was a man in whom all the senses lived with even vehement vitality. Like George Meredith, he never hesitated to admit that our finest forms of feeling have some root in the red soil of humanity; that, in fact, as long as we are on the earth we are of the earth earthy. But that is no reason why we should not also be of

the heaven heavenly. His sense of the real spiritual union of marriage was supreme. It is to his dead wife he cries in the noble poem of *Prospice*, which anticipates his own death:—

A peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest.

He addresses her as "lyric love, half angel and half bird." He quotes in one of the most touching passages of *The Ring and the Book*, the saying of Christ that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, adding, "*How right it was*" of Jesus to say that. And what he meant and taught was, that the earthly elements of marriage pass into the heavenly; the instinct of sex is forgotten in the passion of the soul; and it is because that spiritual passion is in itself so divine that he devoutly believes and teaches that in another world soul will meet soul, and dwell together in a truer marriage still, from which all carnal elements are for ever purged.

\* \* \*

One of my correspondents gives me the opportunity of saying a further word about Browning, for he requests a clue to the meaning of the great poem called *Easter Day*. The poem is so simple that it needs little explanation, though it does certainly demand very close attention if its spirit is to be grasped. It begins with the discussion of two speakers, who agree "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" But each utters the phrase in a different sense: the one finds Christianity hard as matter of faith, unproved to the intellect; the other as a matter of practice, unrealized in the life. It would not be difficult to be a martyr and find a Hand plunged through the flame to pluck the soul up to God, if, indeed, one could be certain of any such result; it is hard to believe on anything less than scientific evidence. To renounce the world on such evidence as we possess would be folly. Suppose a man did renounce the world, and then found that he had given up the only world there was? Then ensues the poem itself, in which the other man declares how he was shaken out of these poor negations by a vision of the final judgment. He was face to face with God, and defended his choice of the world. Then God spoke. He had chosen the World; let him glut his senses upon it, but remember that he was shut out from the heaven of the Spirit. After all, what was the world but one rose of God's making, flung

Out of a summer's opulence  
Over the Eden barrier, whence  
Thou art excluded.

Then the man chooses again, and this time Art: and yet again, Mind and the joys of the intellect, only to find each in turn empty of satisfaction. Finally, he sees that love is all in all,



and chooses this. He had doubted the story of Christ because he could not conceive so great love in God. But in this great hour he sees that God's love embraces the universe, and is the solution of its mystery; and that to love is to know all mysteries. This is, of course, but the briefest outline of one of Browning's most wonderful poems; a poem which every young man who feels the intellectual difficulties of Christianity should read with the utmost care.

\* \* \*

I am not surprised that several correspondents have been keenly interested in Tolstoi's recent defence of the doctrine of non-resistance. In so far as it relates to the pagan spirit of modern Christian nations, and especially to their immense armaments, no truly Christian thinker can help agreeing with him. But Tolstoi goes much further than this when he counsels entire non-resistance of evil, and it seems to me that his error lies in the narrow literalism of his interpretation of Christ's words. There is a doctrine of non-resistance which is rational, and even approved by the fruits it has borne for liberty. Thus, for example, Milton speaks of the martyrs as having conquered by the invincible might of meekness. In this sense Tolstoi is right, for you cannot defeat a man who is incapable of understanding what defeat means, and who triumphs by it, because the example of his suffering wins his cause as the energy of his action could never have done. So, again, Tolstoi is right when he says that it is the duty of the individual to act for himself. And here he contradicts himself. If, says he, a tax is wrong, the individual should refuse to pay it. If I disapprove of a navy, I should refuse to pay any tax to a Government that supports a navy. In the same way, if I am a Republican, I should refuse to pay taxes to a monarchical Government. Very good; but pray what is this but resistance? It is precisely what John Hampden did when he refused to pay ship-money. And if you resist at all, where are you going to draw the line of resistance?

\* \* \*

According to Tolstoi, it was Hampden's duty to have done two utterly incompatible things—not to have resisted, and therefore to have paid ship-money like a coward; not to have paid ship-money, and so to have resisted an unjust tax, in his rights as an individual who did not wait for movements, but acted for himself. The fact is that almost any doctrine can be deduced from Christ's words if they are interpreted in a spirit of narrow literalism. This is the error of Tolstoi in all his writings on religion, and great as he is he still has need to learn the elementary truth that the letter kills, the spirit giveth life. We can only interpret the teaching of Christ aright

by taking it in its total force, and judging it by its manifest intention and spirit. Not to resist injustice would soon put an end to all citizenship, and would leave the field free for the establishment of world-wide tyrannies. As to the line at which resistance should cease, that is what no one man, and no one nation, can determine for another. The tyrant, no doubt, would be glad if it never happened at all; Garibaldi, Kossuth, and Mazzini—men who surely rank with the greatest and best—thought it right to resist unto blood, and the fruit of their heroism has been liberty for nations. If they had accepted the teaching of Tolstoi there had been no free Italy, and it is not by the teaching of Tolstoi that there will ever be a free Russia.

\* \* \*

BRIEF ANSWERS.—D. R. will find Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, recently re-published in a cheap edition, an excellent book for his purpose.—J. H. must peg away, and overcome the difficulties of utterance. Don't despise "popular" preachers, however. To be popular is to win the ear of the people, which is a great achievement. Was it not said of Christ that "the common people heard Him gladly"?—A. F. W. The route you name is excellent. Twenty miles a day, with Sunday for rest, ought not to be too much for a good walker. I should take care, however, to ride through the uninteresting parts of the country.—To *Bank Clerk* I can only say that life is really full of interests if we would seek them. There is a great deal of available happiness in simple things, and to try to help in some way the great social movements of our time is the surest road to it.—E. C. S. should add the poets to his shelves, also Macaulay, Carlyle's *Heroes*, and Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*.—E. F. B. (*West Kensington*) would find Carlyle's *Heroes* and miscellaneous essays the best to begin with.—J. H. M. might certainly take up astronomy with advantage. Write to a bookseller for any of Mr. R. A. Proctor's or Sir Robert Ball's books, and then inquire for a practical guide-book.—G. D. will find *Jevons' Logic* a capital book. Write to any bookseller for it.—W. H. J. had better leave the mystery of the second coming alone. This is too practical a world to spend the time in arithmetical puzzles.—Bristol proposes a very serious question. It really turns on this: Do these two persons love one another well enough to tolerate wide differences of opinion in each other? It needs a very deep and real love to stand this strain; but where love is deep, opinions will not matter.—The only thing for *Troubled* (*Melbourne, Victoria*) is to stick to his guns, and go on fighting his foe inch by inch. Recovery will be slow, but with rigorous watchfulness it will be gained.—*Mens Sana*. Certainly there is no objection to going to church in flannels when on holiday. I have done it.—*Jex*. There is unquestionably such a thing as thought-reading. For this, as for other phenomena you describe, no trickery is necessary. It is simply the intense action of will upon mind in one case; of animal magnetism in the other.



## DOCTOR DICK:

## A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.*

## CHAPTER VI.

## REVELATION.

DURING the weeks Irene Revill was confined to the house, Trevanion often wondered what had come over him. He knew as well as any one that he was different, and yet what the difference was, he could neither explain nor define; and so he remained silent and self-absorbed, much to the astonishment of his comrades. As time went on, however, a few things began to shape themselves a little more clearly, like mountains revealing their forms through a fog. The first definite change he became conscious of was, that the old feeling of sullen and reckless indifference was slowly passing away, and giving place to something akin to self-respect. For months, and even years past, he had said that he did not care what people thought of him or said of him; that he could be ragged and drunk, and not feel one solitary pang of shame. That there was no one living whose respect he deserved or desired; that he was intended by nature to be a sot and an outcast, and that he was too indifferent to quarrel with his lot.

And now, something had changed him. He was as conscious of it as he was of the change from the darkness and chill of the underground tunnel in which he worked, to the warmth and light of the upper air. But what had wrought the change? What secret and subtle influence had touched into life again his self-respect? These were questions that puzzled him for many days.

But slowly the mists rolled back, and the truth unfolded itself. There was one at least whose respect he did desire. He would not like her to see him drunk. It was true, she was nothing to him, never could be anything. She lived in another world from that which he occupied, and he was doomed by an inexorable fate to grovel in the mire till death should end the struggle. Still, he had saved her life, there was no denying that, and she would speak of it to her friends in the days and years to come; but must the story be always spoiled by the announcement that the man who had saved her was a drunken clown and sot, a man without ambition, or a solitary remnant of self-respect? Must it be a constant grief to her, that she owed her life to a man who was not worthy to be called a man, whose hand was hardly fit for

her to touch in token of gratitude? Ought he to let her suffer shame on his account, to bear the constant humiliation and pain of knowing that the man who had hugged her to his breast was little better than a beast? This feeling became almost a torture to him after awhile, and a great longing stole into his heart to be worthy of the honour that had been placed upon him—the honour of saving Irene Revill's life. That this longing should bring with it a feeling of repugnance for his old life was inevitable, and as the one grew the other grew in like proportion.

Fortunately for him, the appetite for drink had never been an overmastering one. He had drunk mainly for the oblivion it brought. Nothing so quickly beclouded memory or hushed the voice of vain regret; and for these reasons he sought the Miners' Arms as the best and the only refuge he knew, from the pain and misery of life.

Yet now, as he looked back, he saw clearly enough how drink had helped to complete the wreck and ruin of his life. He had hailed it as a friend. But Job was quite right: it was in reality his greatest enemy. It had been steadily undermining his manhood, and destroying his better nature. It was true that this was a fact that he had always been more or less conscious of, and which had led to many a battle with himself. But never did the truth shine out as clearly and distinctly as now, and never did he feel so bitter a sense of shame.

Every few days he heard, in ways more or less indirect, that Miss Revill was gradually recovering from the shock to her system; and always, when her name was mentioned, his heart gave a sudden bound. This did not surprise him in the least. It was impossible, he argued, for any man to save a beautiful woman from an awful death, without henceforth feeling an interest in her well-being. It must be owned that he largely lost sight of the part Job had played in the matter. Not that he denied that his comrade had rendered very valuable assistance, but he was fully convinced that he would have got out even without Job's aid, and therefore all the credit of saving Irene Revill was due to himself.

Hitherto he had not been of much service to any one. His life and conduct had given far more pain than pleasure. Help he had received from other people again and again, but rendering help had never been in his way. Now, however,



his chance had come; he had saved a life. For once he had been of service; one good deed would have to be written down to his account; and somehow, this fact, simple in itself, seemed to surround him with a different atmosphere.

A man who can point to even one good deed is not altogether contemptible, and Trevanion after that day felt that he had mounted to a somewhat higher plane. Then arose another question—Would it be possible for him to live henceforth in such a way as to win her respect? Honour had been placed upon him. Could he by any possibility prove himself worthy of that honour? For his own sake it did not matter. He had no care nor ambition on his own account. But to save "her" from pain, or better still, in some indirect way give her pleasure, that would be worth living for.

He took no one into his confidence, or even gave a hint of the thoughts that were passing through his mind. He lived in a little heaven of his own. A poor kind of heaven it was. Small and badly furnished, and hung round with pictures of a wasted life; and yet there was a cheerful hearth in it, on which burned brightly the fire of a worthy purpose, and through the small window shone the light of hope.

Job did his best to get him into a more talking humour, but with very indifferent success. Now and then he chatted about the weather, about their work, about the prospects of cutting the lode that Captain Tom fully believed existed; but about himself—his hopes or purposes—he would not speak.

Job felt the change, and puzzled over it. He showed no sign of illness, his appetite was as good as ever, while he threw into his work an amount of energy that seemed almost unnecessary. Yet this absent-mindedness and self-absorption which he manifested, seemed to the friendly miner to bode ill. He dreaded another drunken outburst after the long abstinence.

"He's come under the influence of that strange woman," his wife said to him one evening. "An' she's bewitched him. That's at the bottom of it all, you may depend."

"Then she's bewitched him to good purpose," Job answered slowly.

"I don't know 'bout that, neither," his wife answered. "When folks get into that quiet, mopin' way, you never know what they're up to."

"I'd rather see him quiet than ravin' drunk," Job answered.

"So would I, for that matter, if his quietness ain't a cloke for evil. I wish you hadn't to work with him, for I feel a bit uneasy sometimes. Susan Poad says she's sartin he's gettin' a bit lunny."

"Susan Poad is like the rest of the women,"

Job answered shortly—"always on the sniff for slander."

"Susan Poad sees a lot of him," was the answer, "more than any one else 'cept you, an' she says, after supper he goes out on the downs, and wanders about hours an' hours by himself, like a man demented."

"Better wander 'bout the downs than booze at the Miners' Arms," Job replied with energy.

"But he didn't use to carry on in this crazy way afore that woman came to St. Ural."

"He used to carry on in a wuss way," Job retorted.

"Ah well, Job," Mrs. Minver replied, in injured tones. "You mark my words, mischief will be the end of it. I hate mysteries, an' mopings, an' sich-like things." And there the conversation ended.

A few weeks later, Irene Revill was out and about again. Nearly all St. Ural was at the windows—counting only the gentler sex—to watch her drive through in a low phaeton, Miss Tabitha sitting by her side. She looked a little paler than usual, but her hat was a picture, and her jacket of a cut quite new to St. Ural, and the way she handled the reins was really very pretty—even Gracey Grig and Mrs. Beswarrick admitted that.

Susan Poad was sitting outside her cottage door in the sunshine, peeling potatoes, when the sound of carriage wheels caused her to look up with a start.

"Oh, lor!" she exclaimed under her breath, "if it ain't Miss Tabitha, an' I bean't fit to be seen. I would have put on a clean aporn if I'd known it; but, there, 'tes no use now;" and she rose slowly and painfully to her feet, letting the potato peelings drop out of her lap on to the floor.

The next minute the carriage drew up close to where she stood, and Miss Tabitha began to make diligent inquiries respecting her health.

Instantly Susan's mouth fell.

"Health, ma'am," she said in complaining tones, "I do enjoy very bad health, very bad indeed. But, as I do say to Sammy, it's for some wise purpose; and I don't forget the promises, ma'am."

"Well, that's a good thing, Susan," Miss Tabitha answered cheerfully. "Things might be worse, you know. Your husband is in steady work, I believe?"

"Aye, he works enough, poor man, but the wages is terrible small,—and he's such a happy-tite, 'as our Sammy."

Miss Tabitha smiled, while the young lady sitting by her side turned her head and looked in the opposite direction.

"And then you have a lodger as well, I believe?" Miss Tabitha continued, after a pause.



"Yes, we've got the Doctor, but he's no gain to nobody. We took 'im in out of charity, for nobody else would."

"Ah, that was very kind of you," Miss Tabitha said sadly.

"I think he's goin' off his head," Susan said shortly.

"Surely not!" said Miss Tabitha in some alarm, while Irene started and leaned forward.

"He ain't like hisself a bit," Susan continued. "He mopes, an' sulks, and wanders about the downs all by hisself for hours on the stretch, and he ain't touched a drink ov beer for more'n a month."

"Oh, well, that's a good thing," Miss Tabitha said, with a smile. "Perhaps he's turned over a new leaf."

"Ef he don't repent, it ain't for want of faithful talkin' to," Susan replied unctuously. "I tell him about the burnin' fire that is a-preparin' for him, whenever I have the chance. In religion, Miss Tabitha, I try to do my duty like a Christian woman should."

"Well—yes," was the hesitating reply. "But more good is done, Susan, by love than fear."

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Tabitha. I'm only a poor, ignorant woman, but I try to do my duty, an' times is very bad;" and she drew down the corners of her mouth, and looked hard at Miss Revill.

"Well, well, do the best you can for the young man, and keep your heart up, Susan. Here's a mite for yourself. Now, good-afternoon;" and then the carriage rolled away.

"I thought that bit about religion an' duty would fetch her," Susan muttered to herself as she sank into her chair. "I wonder what 'tes now;" and she opened the parcel and smiled. "Well, this is better than expectations," she chuckled. "I wonder if 'tes for the Doctor's sake? They say she liked his father once 'pon a time, but he married somebody else. Well, well, that's the way ov the world. I loved Aaron Buddle better nor anybody else, and married Sammy Poad; but, lor, I don't know that it matters in the long run. An' so that's the little Lankishire witch that there's been so much talk about, is it? Well, she's a purty little maid, an' that there's no denyin', an' her cloas is just beautiful, I never did see nothin' purtier. But beauty is on'y skin deep, an' the heart is decaiftul, the Bible says." Then she paused suddenly and looked up, as a foot-step fell on her ear. "Well," she exclaimed, "if 'ere ain't the Doctor already." Then she called in louder tones, "Why, how be 'ee home so soon?"

"Soon?" he exclaimed. "I'm home no sooner than usual. It's half-past four."

"No, surely," she said, starting up. "Well, that comes of havin' lady visitors. I never did know time to pass so quick."

"Lady visitors, eh?" Trevanion questioned, lifting his eyebrows.

"Ay, Miss Tabitha's been here, an' that up-country young woman as there's been so much talk about."

"Indeed!" and he pushed his cap back from his brow, and let the sunshine fall full upon his face.

"She's a purty little maid, too, and no more a witch than I be."

Trevanion laughed, but made no reply.

"She looked quite a picter," Susan went on; "an' none the wuss, I should say, for the duckin' she got."

"I'm glad she's able to get out again," Trevanion answered absently.

"They'll be back this way again directly, I expect," Susan replied. "They've gone over to Poldu. Miss Tabitha's very good to the old folks;" and then she toddled into the house to get her lodger's tea ready.

Trevanion seated himself on the stool Susan had vacated, and looked out across the downs in the direction of Poldu. He did not trouble himself that tea was late, and that the pangs of hunger were becoming keen; his only thought was, "*She* will be coming this way directly, and I shall look upon her face once more."

The afternoon's sun was still high in the heavens, and the broad expanse of furze and heather was flooded with a warm, rich light. In a stunted elm that grew across the road a friendly thrush was filling the air with melody.

Trevanion leaned his head against the wall and half closed his eyes, while around his lips a smile played, and into his heart stole a quiet peace which was more than happiness. He did not attempt to analyse the feeling, or inquire from whence it came. He was content to know that life to-day was more than mere existence, that at last he was beginning to live again. Something within him responded to the quiet beauty of the afternoon, to the splendour of the sunshine, and to the thrush's rich, full song.

Susan called him at length, and he went and sat down to his frugal meal and ate it in silence. The old woman was loquacious, and full of her afternoon's experience, and on the whole Trevanion was pleased to hear her talk. But he said nothing in reply, and when the meal was ended he rose without a word, and, pulling on his cap, marched out across the downs.

Half a mile away, the road dropped steeply between tall banks, covered with hazel boughs, and rank with grass and ferns and "browse." At this point the "downs" ended, and cultivated fields slanted downwards in the direction of Poldu. Here he paused; and looked down the road.

"I fear they have returned home some other



way," he muttered to himself, and a shade of disappointment swept over his face. "Well, I don't know that it matters," he added after a pause. "No good can come of my looking at her, except such good as comes from looking at beautiful things, and that is such a doubtful quantity that it's not worth reckoning;" and he turned on his heel with the intention of retracing his steps.

The next moment he turned round again, as the sound of distant wheels fell on his ear. For a few minutes he waited in a listening attitude, and then a pony and phaeton came into sight.

"Now what am I to do?" he said to himself, with a smile. "Shall I go to meet them as though I had business at Poldu, or shall I walk towards St. Ural and let them overtake me, or shall—yes, that will be best." And he mounted the hedge, and pushed aside the thick hazel boughs, and lay down amongst the ferns and grass, and waited.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SPELLBOUND.

SLOWLY the sound of wheels drew nearer, for the hill was steep, and Miss Tabitha dealt mercifully with her beast. Trevanion from his hiding-place early caught a glimpse of Irene's face, and saw nothing else. He had time to study it, too, as it came every moment nearer. He felt a little bit ashamed of himself, but there was no help for it now; and, indeed, had he wished to move, he lacked the courage. That girlish face held him as with a spell, and made him forgetful of everything else.

Miss Tabitha was talking slowly and earnestly. He caught her words at length as the pony toiled steadily up the hill.

"You see, my dear," she was saying, "when a man has no confidence in himself, and no hope in God, there is not much chance for him."

"Yes, I suppose that is true," Irene answered, with a distant look in her eye.

"Self-reliance is the great thing in life," Miss Tabitha went on somewhat dogmatically. "It's not a bit of use trusting in other people. People must trust in themselves if they are to make anything out. I've seen it again and again. I've no faith in people who are always complaining that their friends have never helped them, and all that sort of thing. Folks should learn that what they've got to do is to help themselves."

"A lot of folks do that, and get sent to prison for it," said Irene demurely.

Miss Tabitha cast a reproachful glance upon her companion, which quickly, however, gave place to a benevolent smile.

"I was wondering," Irene went on, "whether

I might help myself to that wild hyacinth. Isn't it lovely?"

"Whoa!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha, and the pony stopped at once. "Now, my dear, get out. Flowers that grow by the roadside belong to anybody."

Trevanion held his breath, for the girl came close to where he lay concealed—so close, that he caught the glint of light in her hair, and could almost hear her breathing.

For a moment she stooped over the flower, and then turned away.

"I think I won't pluck it," she said. "It seems selfish to do so. Let it live its life. It may cheer somebody who needs cheering more than I."

"My dear, you are always thinking of other folks," Miss Tabitha said, with a smile.

"Nay, nay; I'm afraid I'm always thinking of myself," she answered, getting into the phaeton and taking the reins. Then the wheels crunched on the gravel again, and Trevanion heard no more of their conversation. Raising himself on his elbow, he watched them until they were out of sight. Then he got down into the road and plucked the flower that Irene had admired, and quietly sauntered back in the direction of St. Ural.

"She left the flower for me," he muttered to himself, as he came out on the open downs. "She did not know what she was doing, but she did it all the same. And so I'll keep it for her sake."

When he got home, he found an empty bottle, which he filled with water, and stuck the flower into it, and placed it on the sill of his bedroom window.

"Mind you don't meddle with it," he said to his landlady.

"Meddle with it!" she snarled. "Who wants to meddle?"

"I thought you might think it worthless, and throw it away," he answered mildly.

"Well, 'tes worthless," she snapped; "it's on'y a common double guccoo's flower."

"There you are mistaken," he said, with a smile. "This is not a common flower; and I want to keep it as long as possible." And he marched out of the house again, for another saunter on the downs.

Sammy came in a few minutes later, and Susan opened her heart to him as she had done before.

"The Doctor ain't right," she said emphatically. "For a whole month he ain't done nothin' but mope; an' this afternoon, what d'ye think?"

"I think I'm hunger'd," was the ready answer.

"Thou'rt always hungered," she said, with a frown.



"Anyhow, food is cheaper nor physis," he replied; "so get it on the table, an' let's have no more chatter."

Susan Poad, however, was not so easily silenced; and Sammy had to listen, with growing impatience, until she had finished.

"Well?" he remarked at length, rolling a hot potato round in his capacious mouth. "What next?"

"I dunno," she answered. "Ef he's goin' off his head, he ain't a-goin' to stay here."

"Where's he to go to?"

"Where he likes. He ain't no profit to nobody; an' I'll be glad to be shut ov'm."

"He's harmless enough."

"Now he is. But if he's goin' lunny, he may burst out vi'lent any time; an' it's full moon next week."

"They're sayin' down to the 'bāl' that that strange up-country maid's bewitched him."

"Sammy, I've seed her—seed her this very afternoon; an' I tell 'ee, she ain't no more a witch than you be. Why, man, she's as purty a little gurl as you ever seed."

"She ain't none the better for that," said Sammy, in whom charity was not a conspicuous virtue.

Later in the evening, Susan returned to the charge again, and again on the following day.

"Ef he ain't goin' lunny, he's goin' to be ill," she asserted; "an' I'm not goin' to have him on my hands."

"Well, then, give him notis," snarled her spouse, who had got pretty well tired of the subject.

On the following Saturday, when Trevanion paid his weekly bill, Susan gave him a week's notice.

"I caan't do with lodgers no longer," she explained. "My rheumatics are that bad that it's mor'n I can do properly to wait on Sammy."

"But I don't require much attention," he pleaded; "and I will help you all I can."

"No; it ain't no use arguein'," she said sharply.

"Sammy an' I have talked the matter over lots of times, an' our minds is quite made up."

"I'm very sorry," he said reflectively, as though speaking to himself. "A poor shelter is better than none at all."

"Poor!" she said, with flashing eyes. "You should be the last in the world to say anythin' about 'poor.' It's a thousan' times better'n you deserve."

"I beg pardon," he said. "I did not mean any offence."

But Susan had no wish to be mollified. On the contrary, she wanted to pick a quarrel with him. To part in peace was not what she aimed at. In her heart she pitied him, and so wanted some justification for her conduct. If he would only

get angry, and swear at her, she would be much better pleased.

But he was in no angry humour. He was hurt and depressed. Perhaps a little broken in spirit, for it seemed to him at the moment, that the battle he had been trying to fight was lost already. What was the use of striving against fate? What good would come of it? He had struggled before, and it had ended in failure; and failure was staring him in the face again. Why not, then, accept the inevitable, and drift with the stream? A quarter of a mile away was the Miners' Arms, and in his pocket the wherewithal to purchase complete forgetfulness.

These thoughts passed through his brain as in a flash. Susan was still lecturing him for speaking slightly of her dwelling, but he heard nothing; and at length, without a word, he turned and walked slowly out of the house.

Instinctively almost he took the road that led past the Miners' Arms into St. Ural. As yet he had no definite purpose in his mind, but the tempter was at his elbow, and in his heart a craving for forgetfulness. But when the shabby hostelry loomed into sight, he stopped suddenly, and clenched his fists.

"By Heaven, no!" he muttered. "I'm not such a coward as that. Give in at the first stiff pinch? Not likely." And he turned and retraced his steps past Sammy Poad's cottage, and out on the breezy downs.

For half an hour he wandered to and fro; then he came back and made once more for the Miners' Arms. The old spirit of reckless indifference had again taken possession of him. He felt that it did not matter what became of him. If he conquered, there was no one to rejoice; and if he failed, there was no one to mourn.

He did not know that the supreme crisis in his life had come. Failure or victory meant everything. Destiny was swaying in the balance.

He was walking with his hands clenched, and his eyes bent upon the ground. He was too agitated, too despairing to think clearly, or measure the issues at stake; and yet he had a vague feeling that he was walking deliberately to his doom, and that if he crossed the threshold of the Miners' Arms his fate would be sealed for ever.

He did not heed the sunshine, the flaming gorse by the roadside, the reddening foxgloves here and there. He did not hear the summer wind singing in the hedgerows, nor the happy larks, high in the heavens above his head. He walked like one in a dream; hurried forward by an impulse he could not resist; realizing in a vague way what would be the end, but having no will, and scarcely any desire to shape a different course.

Then suddenly a voice sounded close to his ears, and he started and rubbed his eyes, like one awakened out of sleep.

(To be continued.)



## OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

## NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

READERS of "From the Old World to the New," which Mr. W. T. Stead published some eighteen months ago, as a Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, will be interested to know that Washington possesses the original of one of the most unique characters Mr. Stead has drawn. The extraordinary man named "Professor Glogoul" is at present attached to the Government service as a specialist, and is pursuing his investigations and experiments in Washington. His line of work is criminology and the study of abnormal persons and weaklings. The descriptions of his experiments aboard ship are not all fiction by any means, and the professor himself has been accurately described by Mr. Stead in many ways. Just now, "Professor Glogoul" is making some interesting studies in Washington of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion in the first degree upon masses. Few Americans have started out on such original lines in this branch of study, and while many of the results of "Glogoul's" work will appear in Government publications, by far the most interesting part of it will not see the light for years. Not all of "Professor Glogoul's" experiences are ghoulish. A few of them, on the contrary, are very droll. For one thing, he has a peculiar mania for studying boarding houses. As he has been carrying on boarding-house studies for about twelve years, he now knows more about them than any other man living. The total number into which he has turned an investigating mind will never be known, but it includes six hundred in Washington, three hundred in Vienna, and over two hundred in Zurich. These are only samples of what he has done in many cities of America and Europe.

## SNAPPY SAYINGS.

To get out of the world for the sake of getting out of debt is suicidal.—*Picayune*.

It does not require a legal education to go into the son-in-law business.—*Siftings*.

A man is like a gas-jet: the more he blows the less light he gives out.—*Boston Transcript*.

Another proof that life is a conundrum is that everybody eventually gives it up.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The more healths a man drinks, the less he will have himself the next morning.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A man denies himself recreation when he is young that he may have money to pay out to the doctors when he is old.—*Atchison Globe*.

## PRAISE FOR THE WELSH.

"I believe much of the quiet, dignified, conservative character of Philadelphia is due to the good old blood of her first Welsh settlers," declares Dr. James J. Levick, who has been making an exhaustive historical research into the settlement of Welsh emigrants in Pennsylvania. "The emigrants were cadets of ancient houses. More than one had been at Oxford. It is an

interesting fact that for twenty-five years the only physicians of Philadelphia and its vicinity were Welshmen. Curiously enough, Dr. John Jones, the physician of George Washington, was the great-grandson of Dr. Thomas Wynne, the physician of William Penn, who came over in the good ship *Welcome*. Thus, the founder of the State and the 'Father of his country' owed their lives, humanely speaking, to the care and skill of Welsh physicians."

## BLASTS FROM "THE RAM'S HORN."

It takes more than philosophy to make a man smile when he has the tooth-ache.

Many a man who would like to reform the world has a front gate that won't shut.

It is hard for a philosopher to understand why football should be called play, as long as shovelling coal is considered hard work.

When one dose of religion has lasted a man forty-seven years, it is well to keep an eye on him in business matters.

The man who sells goods with a short yardstick would steal the foundation stones of heaven, if he could get at them.

It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander as long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

## MIXED MEMS.

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examination.

There is a man at Rushville, Mo., who represents almost every trade and profession. He is a watch-maker, a locksmith, a shoe-maker, a blacksmith, and a tailor. He has also read law, and practised medicine.

The faculty of Hillsdale (Mich.) College evidently thinks that marriage is a failure,—or, at any rate, that it is a hindrance to study. A recent order forbids students who enter college single to get married during their course. If they marry during their term they must leave the college. Students already married, however, are not affected by this order. The students are angry, as they claim that the married people do better work than the single ones, because they need not stop to think about absent sweethearts.

"My advice to young men is this," says President Keith, of the Metropolitan National Bank of Chicago, "First of all, he should never allow his expenses to exceed his income, no matter what that may be. Second, he should set an example, especially in hard times, of frugality and the encouragement of thrift. Third, he should, as far as possible, help others during distress to help themselves, not by encouraging pauperism by giving money, but by tendering aid and advice that will put them on their resources. Under the pressure of hard times, especially, people should be hopeful and brave, and make that spirit as contagious as possible with others."

TONY CRANE.

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